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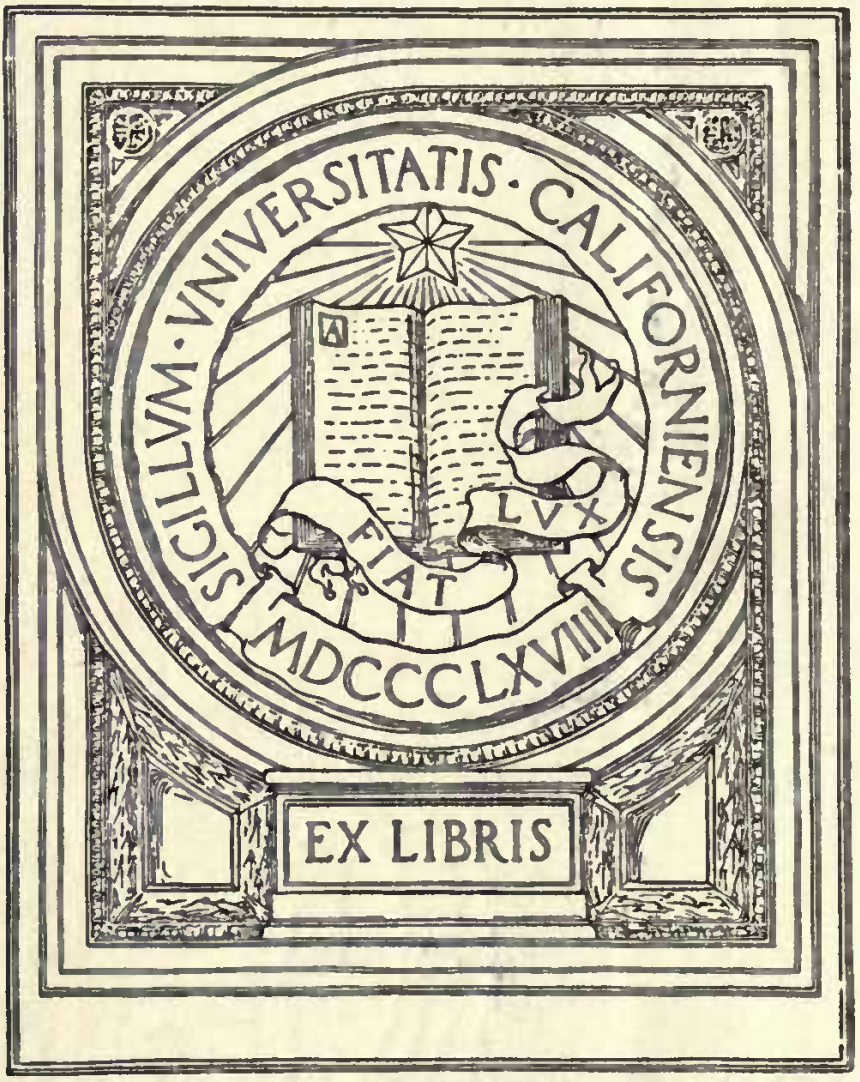

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THE

# WORKS

OF

*ALEXANDER POPE*, Esq;

VOL II.

The LAST EDITION CORRECTED,

WITH

Explanatory NOTES and ADDITIONS never before printed.

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Speedily will be Publiſhed,

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In the ſame Size and Letter with this Volume, which makes a Third Volume of Mr. POPE's Works.

# THE WORKS OF *ALEXANDER POPE*, Esq;

## VOL. II.

*LONDON:*

Printed for L. GILLIVER, 1735.

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# THE AUTHOR to the READER.

ALL I had to say of my *Writings* is contained in my Preface to the first of these Volumes, printed for *J. Tonson*, and *B. Lintot* in quarto and folio in the year 1717: And all I have to say of *Myself* will be found in my last Epistle.

I have nothing to add, but that this Volume and the abovemention'd contain whatsoever I have design'd for the press; except my Translation of the *Iliad*, with my Preface and Notes of twelve Books of the *Odyssey* with the Postscript, (not the Notes) the Preface to *Shakespear* and a few *Spectators* and *Guardians*. Whatever besides I have written, or join'd in writing with Dr. *Swift*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, or Mr. *Gay*, (the only persons with whom I ever wrote in

conjunction) are to be found in the four Volumes of Miſcellanies by us publiſhed: I think them too inconſiderable to be ſeparated and reprinted here; nevertheleſs, that none of my faults may be imputed to another, I muſt own, that of the Proſe-part, the *Thoughts on various Subjects* at the end of the ſecond volume, were wholly mine; and of the Verſes, the Happy Life of a Country Parſon, the Alley in imitation of *Spenſer*, the Characters of *Macer*, *Artimeſia*, and *Phryne*, the Verſes to Mrs. *M. B.* on her birth-day, and a few Epigrams.

It is but juſtice to me to believe that nothing more is mine, notwithſtanding all that hath been publiſh'd in my Name, or added to my Miſcellanies ſince 1717, by any Bookſeller whatſoever.

*A. POPE.*

Jan. 1, 1734.

# ETHIC EPISTLES,

THE

FIRST BOOK,

TO

*HENRY St. JOHN*

L. *BOLINGBROKE.*

Written in the Year 1732.

# THE DESIGN.

*HAVING proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord* Bacon's *expression)* come home to Men's business and bosoms, *I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering* Man *in the Abstract, his* Nature *and his* State: *since to prove any moral Duty, to enforce any moral Precept, or to examine the Perfection or Imperfection of any Creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what* condition *and* relation *it is placed in, and what is the proper* end *and* purpose *of its* Being.

*The Science of Human Nature is, like all other Sciences, reduced to a* few, clear points: *There are not* many certain Truths *in this World. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind, as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels as will for ever escape our observation. The* Disputes *are all upon these last, and I will venture to say, they have less sharpen'd the* Wits *than the* Hearts *of Men against each other, and have diminish'd the Practice, more than advanced the Theory, of Morality. If I could flatter my self that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt Doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over Terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming out of all, a* temperate *yet not* inconsistent, *and a* short *yet not* imperfect *System of Ethics.*

*This I might have done in Proſe; but I choſe Verſe, and even Rhyme, for two reaſons. The one will appear obvious; that Principles, maxims, or precepts ſo written, both ſtrike the reader more ſtrongly at firſt, and are more eaſily retain'd by him afterwards. The other may ſeem odd, but is true; I found I could expreſs them more* ſhortly *this way than in Proſe itſelf; and nothing is truer than that much of the* Force *as well as* Grace *of Arguments or Inſtructions depends on their* conciſeneſs. *I was unable to treat this part of my ſubject more in* detail, *without becoming dry and tedious: or more* poetically, *without ſacrificing Perſpicuity to Ornament, without wandring from the Preciſion, or breaking the Chain of Reaſoning. If any man can unite all theſe without diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a thing above my capacity.*

*What is now publiſh'd, is only to be conſidered as a* general Map *of* Man, *marking out no more than the* Greater Parts, *their* Extent, *their* Limits, *and their* Connection, *but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the Charts which are to follow. Conſequently, theſe Epiſtles in their progreſs will become leſs dry, and more ſuſceptible of Ornament. I am here only opening the* Fountains, *and clearing the paſſage; To deduce the* Rivers, *to follow them in their courſe, and to obſerve their effects, may be a task more agreeable.*

THE

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# EPISTLE I.

AWAKE! my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of Kings.
Let us (ſince Life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſcuous ſhoot,
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield,
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar,
Eye Nature's walks, ſhoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they riſe,
Laugh where we *muſt*, be candid where we *can*,
But vindicate the ways of *God* to man.

Say firſt, of God above, or Man below,
What can we *reaſon*, but from what we *know?*

---

Of the NATURE and STATE of MAN with reſpect to the UNIVERSE. VER. 17, &c.] *He can reaſon only from* Things known, *and judge only with regard to his* own Syſtem.

Of Man, what ſee we but his Station here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him, only in our own.
He who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets, and what other ſuns?
What vary'd being peoples every ſtar?
May tell, why heav'n made all things as they are.
But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?
Preſumptuous man! the reaſon wouldſt thou find
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder reaſon gueſs
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why JOVE's Satellites are leſs than JOVE?

---

VER. 36, &c. *He is not therefore a Judge of his own perfection or imperfection, but is certainly ſuch a Being as is ſuited to his* Place *and* Rank *in the Creation.*

Of

Of Syſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt
That Wiſdom infinite muſt form the *beſt*,
Where all muſt *full* or not *coherent* be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due *degree*;
Then, in the ſcale of life and ſenſe, 'tis plain
There muſt be, *ſome where*, ſuch a rank as Man;
And all the queſtion (wrangle e're ſo long)
Is only this, if God has *plac'd him wrong?*
Reſpecting man whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to *all*.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can *its end* produce,
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome *other uſe*.
So man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome gole;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.
When the proud ſteed ſhall know, why man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Now wears a garland, an *Ægyptian* god;
Then ſhall man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His action's, paſſion's, being's, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity?
Then ſay not Man's imperfect, heav'n in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought;
His being meaſur'd to his ſtate, and place,
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their *preſent ſtate*,
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know,
Or who could ſuffer Being here below?
The Lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy Reaſon, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n,
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of *all*,
A Hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms, or Syſtems, into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a World!
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that *hope* to be thy bleſſing now.
*Hope* ſprings eternal in the human breaſt;
Man never *is*, but always *to be* bleſt;

---

VER. 73.] *His happineſs depends on his* Ignorance *to a certain degree.*

VER. 75, &c.] See this purſued in Epiſt. 3. Verſ. 70, &c. 83, &c.

VER. 87.] ——*And on his* Hope *of a* Relation *to a future State.*

VER. 90.] Further open'd in Epiſt. 2. Verſ. 265. —Epiſt. 3. Verſ. 78.—Epiſt. 4. Verſ. 336, &c.

The

The ſoul uneaſy, and confin'd at home,
Reſts, and expatiates, in a life to come.
Lo! the poor *Indian*, whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul, proud ſcience never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple nature to his hope has giv'n
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n,
Some ſafer world, in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the watry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold,
To *be*, contents his natural deſire,
He asks no angel's wing, or ſeraph's fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.
Go, wiſer thou! and in thy ſcale of ſenſe
Weigh thy *Opinion* againſt *Providence:*
Call Imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjuſt,
If man, alone, engroſs not heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:

---

VER. 109] *The* Pride, *of aiming at more Knowledge and Perfection, and the* Impiety *of pretending to judge of the Diſpenſations of Providence, the cauſes of his* Error *and* Miſery.

Snatch

Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the GOD of GOD!
In reas'ning *Pride* (my friend) our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the skies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if angels fell,
Aſpiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.
Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine?
Earth for whoſe uſe? *Pride* anſwers, "'Tis for mine:
" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
" Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r;
" Annual for me, the grape, the roſe renew
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
" For me, the mine a thouſand treaſures brings,
" For me, Health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
" Seas roll to waft me, Suns to light me riſe;
" My footſtool Earth, my canopy the Skies.
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, or nations to the deep?

---

VER. 127.] *The* Abſurdity *of conceiting himſelf the* Final Cauſe *of the Creation, or expecting that Perfection in the* moral *world which is not in the* natural.

No

No ('tis reply'd) the firſt Almighty Cauſe
" Acts not by partial, but by *gen'ral Laws*;
" Th' exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began,
" And what created, perfect?"—Why then *Man?*
If the *great end* be *human* happineſs,
Then Nature deviates, and can Man do leſs?
As much that end a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſunſhine, as of man's deſires,
As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs skies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wiſe.
If plagues or earthquakes break not heav'n's deſign,
Why then a *Borgia* or a *Catiline?*
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to reaſon right, is to ſubmit.
Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind:
But ALL ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And Paſſions are the Elements of life.
The gen'ral ORDER, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

---

VER. 162.] See this ſubject extended in Epiſt. 2. from Verſ. 90, to 112, 155, &c.

What

What would this Man? now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downward, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of Bulls, the fur of Bears.
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say what their Uſe, had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to theſe, without profuſion kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe
Here, with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there, of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate,
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own,
Is heav'n unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſs'd with all?
The bliſs of man (could pride that bleſſing find)
Is, not to act, or think, *beyond* mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.

---

VER. 166.] *The Unreaſonableneſs of the Complaints againſt Providence, and that to poſſeſs more Faculties would make us miſerable.*

VER. 174. Here, with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there, of force.] It is a certain Axiom in the Anatomy of Creatures, that in proportion as they are form'd for ſtrength, their ſwiftneſs is leſſen'd; or as they are form'd for ſwiftneſs, their ſtrength is abated.

VER. 177.] Vid. Epiſt. 3. Verſ. 83, &c. and 110, &c.

Why

Why has not man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, man is not a fly.
Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
The touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Dye of a Roſe in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſick of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh, that heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſpering zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all-good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?
Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of *ſenſual*, *mental* pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs!
What modes of ſight, betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:

---

VER. 200.] *There is an univerſal* ORDER *and* GRADATION *thro' the whole viſible world, of the* ſenſible *and* mental *Faculties, which cauſes the* Subordination *of Creature to Creature, and of all Creatures to Man, whoſe* Reaſon *alone countervails all the other Faculties.*

Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood:
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew.
How *Inſtinct* varies, in the groveling ſwine,
Compar'd, half reas'ning elephant! with thine;
'Twixt that, and *Reaſon*, what a nice barrier,
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near:
*Remembrance* and *Reflection*, how ally'd;
What thin partitions *Senſe* from *Thought* divide:
And *middle natures*, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt Gradation, could they be
Subjected theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The Pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone?
Is not thy reaſon all thoſe pow'rs in one?

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VER. 205. —*the headlong Lioneſs*—] The manner of the Lions hunting their prey in the deſerts of Africa is this; at their firſt going out in the night-time they ſet up a loud roar, and then liſten to the noiſe made by the Beaſts in their flight, purſuing them by the ear, and not by the noſtril. It is probable, the ſtory of the Jackall's hunting for the Lion was occaſion'd by obſervation of the defect of Scent in that terrible Animal.

See,

See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high progreſſive life may go?
Around how wide? how deep extend below?
Vaſt chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect! what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach! from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing!—On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a Void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd;
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.
And if each Syſtem in gradation roll,
Alike eſſential to th'amazing whole;
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the whole muſt fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and ſuns ruſh lawleſs thro' the sky,
Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world,
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature tremble, to the throne of God!

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VER. 225.] *How much farther this* Gradation *and* Subordination *may extend? were any part of which broken, the* whole connected Creation *muſt be deſtroy'd.*

All this dread ORDER break!—For whom? For thee?
Vile worm!—O Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!
What if the foot ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand to toil, aſpir'd to be the Head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Juſt as abſurd, for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.
All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body *Nature* is, and *God* the ſoul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame,
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame,
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent,
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair, as heart,
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns;
To him, no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

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VER. 250.] *The Extravagance, Impiety, and Pride of ſuch a deſire.*

VER. 257.] Vid. the proſecution and application of this in Epiſt. 4. Ver. 160.

Ceaſe

Ceaſe then, nor ORDER *imperfection* name;
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own *point:* This kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit—in this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canſt not ſee;
All diſcord, harmony not underſtood:
All partial evil, univerſal good;
And ſpight of pride, in erring reaſon's ſpight,
One truth is clear; Whatever *Is*, is RIGHT."

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VER. 273.] *The Conſequence of all, the* abſolute Submiſſion *due to Providence, both as to our* preſent *and* future *State.*

# EPISTLE II.

KNOW then thy-ſelf, preſume not God to ſcan;
The proper ſtudy of mankind is *man*.
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A being darkly wiſe, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt,
To deem himſelf a part of God, or beaſt;
In doubt, his mind or body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of thought and paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſ-abus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endleſs error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt, and riddle, of the world!
Go wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides,

---

OF *the* NATURE *and* STATE of MAN *as an* INDIVIDUAL. *The buſineſs of Man not to pry into God, but to ſtudy himſelf. His* Middle Nature, *his* Powers, Frailties, *and the* Limits *of his* Capacity.

Show

Show by what laws the wandring Planets ſtray,
Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his way.
Go ſoar with *Plato* to th' empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting ſenſe call *imitating God*,
As eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the *Sun*.
Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule—
Then drop into thy-ſelf, and be a fool!

Superior Beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a NEWTON as we ſhew an Ape.

Could He, whoſe rules the whirling Comet bind,
Deſcribe, or fix, one movement of the Mind?
Who ſaw the Stars here riſe, and there deſcend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas what wonder! Man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from Art to art;
But when his *own* great work is but begun,
What Reaſon weaves, by Paſſion is undone.

Two Principles in human nature reign;
*Self-love*, to urge, and *Reaſon*, to reſtrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move, or govern all:

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VER. 43.] *The* TWO PRINCIPLES *of* MAN, SELF-LOVE *and* REASON, *both neceſſary*, 49. *Self-love the* ſtronger, *and why?* 57. *their* End *the ſame*, 71.

And to their proper operation ſtill,
Aſcribe all Good, to their improper, Ill.
*Self-love*, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
*Reaſon*'s comparing balance rules the whole.
Man but for that, no *action* could attend,
And but for this, were active to no *end*.
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.
Moſt *ſtrength* the moving Principle requires;
Active its tak, it prompts, impels, inſpires:
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.
Self-love ſtill ſtronger, as its objects *nigh*;
Reaſon's at *diſtance*, and in proſpect lie;
That ſees *immediate* good, by preſent ſenſe,
Reaſon, the *future*, and the conſequence;
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At beſt more *watchful* this, but that more *ſtrong*.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend,
Reaſon ſtill *uſe*, to reaſon ſtill *attend*:
Attention, Habit and Experience gains;
Each ſtrengthens Reaſon, and Self-love reſtrains.
Let ſubtile Schoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide, than to unite,
And grace and virtue, ſenſe and reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of Wit.
Wits, juſt like fools, at war about a *name*,
Have full as oft, *no* meaning, or *the ſame*.

Self-love

Self-love and Reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy that its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flower:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.
*Modes* of Self-love the PASSIONS we may call;
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not every good we can *divide*,
And reaſon bids us for our own provide;
Paſſions tho' *ſelfiſh*, if their means be fair,
Liſt under *Reaſon*, and deſerve her care:
Thoſe that *imparted*, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome *Virtue*'s name.
In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their virtue fix'd, 'tis fix'd as in a froſt,
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But Strength of mind is *exerciſe*, not *reſt*:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
On Life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but Paſſion is the gale:
Nor GOD alone in the ſtill Calm we find;
He mounts the ſtorm, and *walks upon the Wind*.
Paſſions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet mix'd and ſoftned, in his work unite:
Theſe, 'tis enough to *temper* and *employ*,
But what compoſes man can man *deſtroy?*

---

VER. 83.] *The* PASSIONS, *and their* Uſe.

Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and GOD.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
Theſe mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make, and maintain, the balance of the mind:
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well-accorded ſtrife
Gives all the *ſtrength* and *colour* of our life.
Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they ceaſe, in proſpect riſe;
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all *alike*;
On diff'rent Senſes diff'rent objects ſtrike;
Hence diff'rent Paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong, or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one Maſter Paſſion in the breaſt,
Like *Aaron*'s ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.
As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's diſeaſe, its *ruling paſſion* came:

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VER. 122, &c.] *The* PREDOMINANT PASSION, *and its* Force.

The Uſe of this doctrine, as apply'd to the Knowledge of mankind, is one of the ſubjects of the ſecond book.

Each

Each vital humour which ſhould feed the *whole*,
Soon flows to *this*, in body and in ſoul;
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
*Nature* its mother, *Habit* is its nurſe;
Wit, ſpirit, faculties, but make it worſe;
*Reaſon* itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r,
As heav'n's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſowre;
We, wretched ſubjects, tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak *Queen*, ſome *Fav'rite* ſtill obey.
Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more, than *tell us* we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A ſharp *accuſer*, but a helpleſs *friend!*
Or from a *judge* turn *pleader*, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made:
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong;
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The Doctor fancies he has driv'n 'em out.
Yes, Nature's road muſt ever be prefer'd;
Reaſon is here no *guide*, but ſtill a *guard*;
'Tis her's to *rectify*, not *overthrow*,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe:
A mightier Pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſev'ral men impells to ſev'ral *Ends*.

---

VER. 155.] *Its* Neceſſity, *in directing men to different purpoſes.* The particular application of this to the *ſeveral*

Like varying winds, by *other* paſſions toſt,
*This* drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of Eaſe:
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reaſon on their ſide.
Th' ETERNAL ART, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this paſſion our *beſt Principle:*
'Tis thus, the Mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt Body acts with Mind.
As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
On *ſavage ſtocks* inſerted, learn to bear;
The ſureſt virtues thus from paſſions ſhoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear,
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy;
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind:
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave:

---

*ſeveral Purſuits* of Men, and the *General Good* reſulting thence, falls alſo into the ſucceeding books.

VER. 165.] *Its* providential Uſe, *in fixing our* PRINCIPLE, *and aſcertaining our* VIRTUE.

Nor

Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.
Thus *Nature* gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd;
*Reaſon* the byaſs turns to good from ill,
And *Nero* reigns a *Titus*, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhorr'd in *Catiline*,
In *Decius* charms, in *Curtius* is divine.
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot, as it makes a knave.
This *light* and *darkneſs* in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The *God* within the *mind*.
Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man, they join to ſome myſterious uſe:
Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
As in ſome well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,
And oft ſo mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black, blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your *own heart*; and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the *time* and *pain*.
Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be *ſeen*;

---

VER. 185, &c.] VIRTUE *and* VICE *join'd in our* Mixt Nature; *the Limits* near, *yet the things* ſeparate, *and* evident. *The Office of* Reaſon.

Yet

Yet ſeen too *oft*, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th'*Extreme* of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask, where's the *North*? at *York* 'tis on the *Tweed*,
In *Scotland* at the *Orcades*, and there
At *Greenland*, *Zembla*, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he.
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very Zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard Inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe,
And ev'n the beſt by fits what they deſpiſe.
'Tis but by *parts* we follow good or ill,
For, vice or virtue, SELF directs it ſtill;
Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal:
But HEAV'N's great view is *one*, and that the WHOLE:
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice:

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VER. 205.] VICE *odious in itſelf, and how we* deceive *ourſelves into it.*

VER. 219, &c.] *The* ENDS *of* PROVIDENCE *and* General Good *anſwer'd in our* Paſſions *and* Imperfections. *How uſefully theſe are diſtributed to all* Orders of men.

That,

That, happy frailties to all *ranks* apply'd,
*Shame* to the virgin, to the matron *pride*,
*Fear* to the ſtateſman, *raſhneſs* to the chief,
To Kings *preſumption*, and to crowds *belief*,
That, Virtue's ends from *Vanity* can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward but praiſe;
And builds on *wants*, and on *defects* of mind,
The *joy*, the *peace*, the *glory* of mankind.
Heav'n, forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
Till one man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common int'reſt, or endear the tye:
To *theſe* we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here:
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts to reſign.
Taught half by reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.
Whate'er the *paſſion*, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf:
The learn'd is happy, nature to explore;
The fool is happy, that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given;
The poor contents him with the care of heaven.

---

VER. 237.] *How uſeful theſe are to* SOCIETY *in general, and to* INDIVIDUALS *in particular, in every* STATE, 250. *and ev'ry* AGE *of Life*, 260.

See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king,
The ſtarving Chymiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſt, the Poet in his muſe.
See! ſome ſtrange Comfort ev'ry *ſtate* attend,
And *Pride* beſtow'd on all, a common friend;
See! ſome fit Paſſion ev'ry *age* ſupply,
*Hope* travels thro', nor quits us when we die.
Till then, *Opinion* gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:
Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy:
In folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, *joy*;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a Vanity is giv'n in vain;
Even mean SELF-LOVE becomes by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe,
'Tis this, tho' *Man's a fool*, yet GOD IS WISE.

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V. 273. See farther, of the Uſe of this *Principle* in Man. Epiſt. 3. Ver. 121, 124, 135, 145, 200, &c. 270, &c. 316, &c. And Epiſt. 4. Ver. 348, and 358.

# EPISTLE III.

HERE then we reſt: "The univerſal cauſe
"Acts to *one end*, but acts by *various laws*."
In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be preſent night and day;
But moſt be preſent, if we preach, or pray.

Look round our world: behold the chain of love
Combining all below, and all above.
See, plaſtic Nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
Form'd and impell'd, its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the *gen'ral good*.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
By turns they catch the vital breath, and die;
Like bubbles on the ſea of matter born,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign: parts relate to whole:
One all-extending, all-preſerving ſoul

---

Of the NATURE and STATE of Man with reſpect to SOCIETY. The whole Univerſe one Syſtem of Society.

Connects

Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made beaſt in aid of man, and man of beaſt:
All ſerv'd, all ſerving! nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and *where* it ends, unknown!

Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ry lawn.
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings;
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own, and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrows the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain:
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer.
The hog that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The Furr that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "ſee all things for my uſe!
"See man for mine," replies a pamper'd gooſe;
What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him?
All this he knows, but not that 'tis to eat him.

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V. 27. Nothing made wholly for *Itſelf*, nor yet wholly for *another*, but the Happineſs of all animals *mutual*.

And

And juſt as ſhort of reaſon, Man will fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant, that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul,
Be Man the wit, and tyrant, of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings,
Or hears the hawk, when *Philomela* ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome, his int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And, till he ends the Being, makes it bleſt,
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man, by touch ætherial ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er.

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VER. 72.] *Several of the Ancients, and many of the Orientals ſince, eſteem'd thoſe who were ſtruck by Lightning as ſacred perſons, and the particular favourites of Heaven.*

To teach unthinking being Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its End;
To Man imparts it; but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding Miracle! that heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing, this turn of mind.
Whether with Reaſon, or with Inſtinct bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits 'em beſt,
To bliſs, alike, by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt inſtinct comes a Volunteer:
This too ſerves always, reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours,
And reaſon raiſe o'er inſtinct, as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chooſe their food?

VER. 83.] *Reaſon* or *Inſtinct* alike operate to the good of each *Individual*, and they operate alſo to SOCIETY, in *all Animals*.

Præſcient,

Præſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as *De moivre*, without rule or line?
Who bid the ſtork, *Columbus* like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
GOD, in the nature of each being, founds
Its *proper Bliſs*, and ſets its *proper Bounds:*
But as he fram'd a Whole, the whole to bleſs
On mutual *Wants* built mutual Happineſs:
So from the firſt eternal ORDER ran,
And Creature link'd to Creature, Man to Man.
Whate'er of life all-quickening æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuſe on earth; one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each Sex deſires alike, till two are one:
Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace;
They love themſelves, a third time, in their Race.
Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;

---

VER. 115.] How far SOCIETY carry'd by INSTINCT.

The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the Inſtinct, and there ends the care;
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands:
Reflection, Reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the int'reſt, and the love:
With Choice we fix, with Sympathy we burn,
Each Virtue in each Paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual thoſe;
The laſt ſcarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and Forecaſt, juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While Pleaſure, Gratitude, and Hope combin'd
Still ſpread the int'reſt, and preſerv'd the kind.
Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;
The State of Nature was the Reign of GOD:
Self Love, and Social, at her birth began,
Union the Bond of all things, and of Man.
*Pride* then was not; nor Arts, that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade;

---

VER. 132.] How much farther SOCIETY is carry'd by REASON.

VER. 148.] Of the STATE of NATURE: That it was SOCIAL.

The

The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The ſhrine with Gore unſtain'd, with Gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs Prieſt:
Heav'ns Attribute was Univerſal Care,
And Man's prerogative to rule, but ſpare.
Ah how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live, the Butcher, and the Tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The Fury-Paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer ſavage, Man.
See him from nature riſing ſlow to art!
To copy inſtinct then was reaſon's part;
Thus then to man the voice of Nature ſpake——
"Go! from the creatures thy inſtructions take;
"Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
"Learn from the beaſts, the phyſick of the field:
"Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
"Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
"Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
"Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

---

VER. 170.] *Reaſon* inſtructed by *Inſtinct* in the Invention of ARTS, and in the FORMS of *Society*.

VER. 178.] Oppian. Halieut. Lib. 1. deſcribes this Fiſh in the following manner. *They ſwim on the ſurface*

" Here too all Forms of ſocial Union find,
" And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct mankind:
" Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee,
" There towns aerial on the waving tree.
" Learn each ſmall people's Genius, Policies;
" The ants Republic, and the Realm of bees;
" How thoſe in common all their ſtores beſtow,
" And Anarchy without confuſion know,
" And theſe for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
" Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve their ſtate,
" Laws wiſe as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
" In vain thy Reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
" Entangle Juſtice in her net of Law,
" And right too rigid harden into wrong,
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey,
" And for thoſe arts meer Inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd.
Great *Nature* ſpoke; obſervant Men obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:
Here roſe one little State, another near
Grew by like means, and join'd thro' Love, or Fear.

---

*of the Sea, on the back of their Shells, which exactly reſemble the hulk of a Ship; they raiſe two feet like Maſts, and extend a Membrane between, which ſerves as a Sail; the other two feet they employ as Oars at the ſide. They are uſually ſeen in the Mediterranean.*

VER. 200.] Origine of POLITICAL SOCIETIES.

Did

Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend?
What War could raviſh, Commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converſe and Love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus States were form'd; the name of *King* unknown,
Till common int'reſt plac'd the ſway in one.
'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts, or arms,
Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms)
The ſame which in a Sire the ſons obey'd,
A Prince the father of a people made.
Till then, by nature crown'd, each Patriarch ſate,
King, Prieſt, and Parent of his growing State:
On him, their ſecond Providence, they hung,
Their Law his eye; their Oracle, his tongue.
He, from the wond'ring furrow call'd their food,
Taught to command the Fire, controul the Flood,
Draw forth the monſters of th' Abyſs profound,
Or fetch th' aerial Eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, ſickning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God, to mourn as Man.
Then, looking up from ſire to ſire, explor'd
One great, Firſt father, and that Firſt ador'd.
Or plain Tradition that this All *begun*,
Convey'd unbroken Faith from ſire to ſon,

---

VER. 211.] Origine of MONARCHY.
VER. 216.] —— of PATRIARCHAL GOVERNMENT.

The Worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but *one:*
E're Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw, that all was right,
To virtue in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the Faith, and all th'Allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right Divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A sovereign Being but a sovereign Good.
True Faith, true Policy, united ran,
That was but Love of God, and this of Man.
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one?
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T'invert the world, and counterwork its Cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She, midst the Lightning's blaze and Thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw Gods descend, and Fiends infernal rise;

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Ver. 236] Origine of True Religion and Government, from the Principle of Love: and of Superstition and Tyranny, from that of Fear.

Here

Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods:
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe Attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Luſt,
Such as the ſouls of Cowards might conceive,
And form'd *like* Tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not Charity, became the guide,
And Hell was built on Spite, and Heav'n on Pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' æthereal Vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the Flamen taſted living food,
Next his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood,
With heav'n's own Thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the God an Engine on his foe.
So drives SELF-LOVE, thro' juſt and thro' unjuſt,
To one man's Pow'r, Ambition, Lucre, Luſt:
The ſame Self-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, Government and Laws.
For what one likes, if others like as well,
What ſerves one will when many wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what ſleeping or awake
A weaker may ſurprize, a ſtronger take?
His Safety muſt his Liberty reſtrain;
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by ſelf-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence:

---

VER. 270.] The Influence of SELF-LOVE operating to the SOCIAL and *Public Good.*

Self-

Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then, the ſtudious head, or gen'rous mind,
Foll'wer of God, or Friend of Human kind,
Poet or Patriot, roſe, but to reſtore
The Faith and Moral *Nature* gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his ſhadow drew;
Taught pow'rs due uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught not to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings,
The leſs and greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too,
Till jarring Int'reſts of themſelves create
Th'according Muſic of a well mix'd State.
Such is the WORLD's great harmony, that ſprings
From Union, Order, full Conſent of things!
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty, made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade,
More pow'rful each, as needful to the reſt,
And in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt,
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
For Forms of Government let fools conteſt,
Whate'er is beſt adminiſtred, is beſt:
For Modes of Faith let graceleſs zealots fight,
His can't be wrong, whoſe Life is in the right:

---

VER. 284.] Reſtoration of *True Religion* and *Government* on their firſt Principle. *Mixt* Governments; with the various Forms of each, and the TRUE USE OF ALL.

All

All muſt be falſe, that thwart this one, great End,
And all of God, that bleſs mankind, or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous Vine, ſupported lives,
The ſtrength he gains is from th'embrace he gives:
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the ſoul,
And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral Frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame.

# EPISTLE IV.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleaſure, eaſe, content! whate'er thy name:
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th'eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool, and wiſe:
Plant of Cæleſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair-opening to ſome Court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming Mine,
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in Iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows —where grows it not? — If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the Culture, not the Soil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is Happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where,
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.
Ask of the Learn'd the way, the Learn'd are blind,
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind;
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it pleaſure, and contentment theſe:

---

Of the NATURE and STATE of MAN, with reſpect to HAPPINESS.

Who

Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?
One grants his Pleaſure is but reſt from pain;
One doubts of all; one owns ev'n Virtue vain.
Take *Nature*'s path, and mad Opinion's leave,
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell,
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is *common Senſe*, and *common Eaſe*.
Remember, Man, "the Univerſal cauſe
"Acts not by partial but by gen'ral Laws;
And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call,
Subſiſt not in the Good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing Individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the Kind.
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, reſt ſelf-ſatisfy'd;
Who moſt to ſhun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an Admirer, or wou'd fix a Friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All Pleaſures ſicken, and all Glories ſink;

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VER. 27.] HAPPINESS the END of all Men, and attainable by all.

VER. 32.] GOD governs by *general* not *particular* Laws; intends Happineſs to be *equal*, and to be ſo, it muſt be *ſocial*, ſince all perfect Happineſs depends on general.

Each

Each has his ſhare, and who wou'd more obtain
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.
ORDER is Heav'n's firſt Law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe: but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their Happineſs:
But mutual wants this happineſs increaſe,
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, Circumſtance is not the thing:
*Bliſs* is the ſame, in Subject or in King,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds, a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common Bleſſing, as one common Soul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all *conteſt?*
If then to all men happineſs was meant,
God in Externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in Hope, and theſe in Fear:

---

VER. 47.] It is neceſſary for ORDER and the common Peace, that *External Goods* be *unequal*, therefore Happineſs is not conſtituted in theſe.

VER. 65.] The balance of human happineſs kept equal (notwithſtanding *Externals*) by HOPE and FEAR.

Not

Not preſent Good or Ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views, of better, or of worſe.
  Oh Sons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the Skies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the Heaps they raiſe.
  Know, all the Good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to meer mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſures, all the joys of Senſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health conſiſts with temperance alone,
And Peace, O Virtue! Peace is all thy own;
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say, in purſuit of profit or delight,
Who riſque the moſt, that take wrong means or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?
Count all th'advantage proſp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and diſdains;
And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.
  Oh blind to truth, and God's whole Scheme below!
Who fancy bliſs to Vice, to Virtue woe:
Who ſees and follows that great ſcheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.

---

VER. 75.] In what the Happineſs of *Individuals* conſiſts, and that the GOOD MAN has the advantage, even in this world.

VER. 91.] That no man is unhappy thro' VIRTUE. But

But Fools the Good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to All.
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See godlike TURENNE proſtrate on the duſt!
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life?
Say was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the *Son* expire,
Why, full of days and Honour, lives the *Sire?*
Why drew *Marſeille*'s good biſhop purer breath,
When nature ſicken'd and each gale was death?
Or why ſo long (in life if long can be)
Lent heav'n a *Parent* to the Poor, and me?
What makes all Phyſical or Moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God ſends not Ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial Ill is Univerſal Good,
Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall
Short and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
We juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain,
That righteous *Abel* was deſtroy'd by *Cain*,
As that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe,
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.
Think we like ſome weak prince th'Eternal Cauſe,
Prone for his Fav'rites to reverſe his laws?
Shall burning *Ætna*, if a ſage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires!
On Air or Sea new motions be impreſt,
O blameleſs *Bethel!* to relieve thy breaſt?

When

When the looſe Mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation ceaſe, if you go by?
Or ſome old temple nodding to its fall,
For *Chartres'* head reſerve the hanging wall?
But ſtill this world (ſo fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have?
A kingdom of the juſt then let it be:
But firſt conſider how thoſe juſt agree?
The good muſt merit God's peculiar care;
But who but God can tell us who they are?
One thinks on *Calvin* heav'n's own ſpirit fell,
Another deems him Inſtrument of hell;
If *Calvin* feel heav'n's bleſſing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God."
What ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
Nor with one Syſtem can they all be bleſt.
The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, puniſh mine.
"Whatever *is*, is RIGHT." This world, 'tis true,
Was made for *Cæſar*——but for *Titus* too:
And which more *bleſt?* who chain'd his Country, ſay,
Or he, whoſe virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
"But ſometimes Virtue ſtarves while Vice is fed."
What then? is the reward of virtue, bread?
That, Vice may merit; 'tis the price of Toil:
The knave deſerves it when he tills the ſoil,
The knave deſerves it when he tempts the main,
Where Folly fights, for Tyrants, or for Gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent,
Nor is his claim to Plenty, but Content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—ſhall the good want Health, the good want Pow'r?
Add health, and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing:
"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no King?
Nay, why external for internal giv'n,
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?
Who ask and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough while he has more to give:
Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they ſtand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a Coach and ſix,
Juſtice a Conqu'ror's ſword, or Truth a Gown,
Or Publick Spirit its great cure, a Crown:
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing.
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a Saint at twenty one!
For Riches, can they give, but to the Juſt,
His own contentment, or another's truſt?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and love were never to be ſold.
O Fool! to think, God hates the worthy mind,
The Lover, and the Love, of Human kind,

---

VER. 167.] That *External Goods* are not the proper Rewards of *Virtue*, often inconſiſtent with, or deſtructive of it; but that all theſe can make no man happy without *Virtue*. Inſtanced in each of them.

1. RICHES. Whoſe

Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear;
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year!
Honour and ſhame from no Condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the Honour lies.
Fortune in men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.
The Cobler apron'd, and the Parſon gown'd,
The Fryar hooded, and the Monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend: a Wiſe man and a Fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the Man, and want of it the Fellow;
The reſt, is all but Leather or Prunella.
Stuck o'er with Titles, and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be, by Kings, or Whores of kings.
Thy boaſted Blood, a thouſand years or ſo,
May from *Lucretia* to *Lucretia* flow;
But by your Fathers worth if yours you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go! if your antient but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' Scoundrels ever ſince the Flood,
Go! and pretend your Family is young;
Not own your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble Sots, or Slaves, or Cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on Greatneſs, ſay where Greatneſs lies?
"Where, but among the Heroes, and the Wiſe?

---

2. Honours, 3. Titles, 4. Birth, 5. Greatness.

Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From *Macedonia*'s Madman to the *Swede*;
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind;
Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his noſe.
No leſs alike the Politick and wiſe,
All ſly, ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes;
Men in their looſe, unguarded hours they take,
Nor that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat,
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in Exile or in chains,
Like good *Aurelius* let him reign, or bleed
Like *Socrates*, that Man is great indeed.
What's Fame? that fancy'd Life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Juſt what you *hear*, you have, and what's unknown
The ſame (my Lord) if *Tully*'s, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide, as much an empty Shade
An *Eugene* living, as a *Cæſar* dead,
Alike, or when or where, they ſhone or ſhine,
Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*.

---

6. FAME.

A wit's

A Wit's a Feather, and a Chief a Rod;
An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God:
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t'oblivion better were reſign'd
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind.
All Fame is foreign, but of true Deſert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.
One ſelf-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzza's;
And more true joy *Marcellus* exil'd feels,
Than *Cæſar* with a Senate at his heels.
In Parts ſuperior what advantage lies!
Tell (for *You* can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know, how little can be known;
To ſee all others faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd in Buſineſs or in Arts to drudge
Without a Second, or without a Judge:
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful Preheminence! your ſelf to view
Above Life's Weakneſs, and its Comforts too.
Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account,
Make fair deductions, ſee to what they mount?
How much of other each is ſure to coſt?
How each for other oft is wholly loſt?
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe?
How ſometimes Life is riſqu'd, and always Eaſe?

---

7. SUPERIOR PARTS.

Think, and if ſtill the Things thy envy call,
Say, would'ſt thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord *Umbra*, or Sir *Billy*.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus*' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how *Bacon* ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind.
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a name,
See *Cromwell*, damn'd to everlaſting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient Story learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe ſcale of Happineſs compleat!
In hearts of Kings or arms of Queens who lay,
(How happy!) thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud *Venice* roſe;
In each, how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero ſunk the Man.
Now *Europe*'s laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then ſee them broke with Toils, or ſunk in Eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd Provinces.
Oh Wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy Minion, or imperious Wife,
The trophy'd Arches, ſtory'd Halls invade
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous Shade.

Alas!

Alas! not dazled with their noontide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day:
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale! that blends their Glory with their Shame.
Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
"VIRTUE alone is Happineſs below:
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only, merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſs'd in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears,
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd,
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more virtue, is to gain.
See! the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on *All* beſtow,
Which who but feels, can taſte, but thinks, can know:

---

VER. 300.] That VIRTUE only conſtitutes a Happineſs, whoſe Object is *Univerſal*, and whoſe Proſpect *Eternal*.

VER. 318, &c.] That the *Perfection* of *Happineſs* conſiſts in a *Conformity* to the *Order* of *Providence* here, and a *Reſignation* to it, here and hereafter.

Yet poor with Fortune, and with Learning blind,
The Bad muſt miſs, the Good untaught will find,
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's GOD,
Purſues that chain which links th'immenſe deſign,
Joins Heav'n and Earth, and mortal, and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliſs can know
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns, from this Union of the riſing Whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows, where Faith, Law, Morals all began,
All end, in LOVE of GOD, and LOVE of MAN.
For him alone, *Hope* leads from gole to gole,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul,
Till lengthen'd on to *Faith*, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown?
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find)
Wiſe is the Preſent: ſhe connects in this
His greateſt *Virtue* with his greateſt *Bliſs*,
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.
*Self-Love* thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy Neighbour's bleſſing thine:
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy Enemies have part:
Graſp the whole worlds, of reaſon, life, and ſenſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence.

Happier,

Happier, as kinder! in whate'er degree,
And height of *Bliſs* but height of CHARITY.
God loves from whole to parts: but human ſoul
Muſt riſe from individual to the whole.
*Self-love* but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake,
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads,
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human-race;
Wide, and more wide, th'o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.
Come then, my Friend! my Genius come along,
Oh maſter of the Poet, and the Song!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious Ends,
Teach me like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere,
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
O! while along the ſtream of Time, thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When Stateſmen, Heroes, Kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,

Shall

Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my Guide, Philoſopher, and Friend?
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from Fancy to the Heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring Pride, Whatever *Is*, is RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer ONE *great* AIM:
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the SAME;
That VIRTUE only makes our BLISS below;
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

*End of the Firſt Book.*

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# ETHIC EPISTLES,

## THE

# SECOND BOOK.

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# EPISTLE I.

## TO

## Sir RICHARD TEMPLE,

## Lord Viſcount COBHAM.

YES, you deſpiſe the Man to Books confin'd,
Who from his Study rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns he ſpeaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral Maxims, or be right by Chance.
The coxcomb Bird, ſo talkative and grave,
That from his Cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
Tho' many a Paſſenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philoſopher at all.
And yet the fate of all Extremes is ſuch,
Men may be read, as well as Books, too much.

VER. 1. &c. Of the KNOWLEDGE and CHARACTERS of MEN. That it is not ſufficient for this Knowledge to conſider Men in the *Abſtract*.

V. 10. Not to be learn'd either by Books or our own Obſervation ſingly, but both.

To obſervations which ourſelves we make,
We grow more partial for th' Obſerver's ſake;
To written Wiſdom, as another's, leſs:
Maxims are drawn from Notions, theſe from Gueſs.
There's ſome *Peculiar* in each Leaf and Grain;
Some unmark'd Fibre, or ſome varying Vein:
Shall only Man be taken in the groſs?
Grant but as many ſorts of Mind, as Moſs.
That each from other differs, firſt confeſs;
Next, that he varies from himſelf no leſs:
Add Nature's, Cuſtom's, Reaſon's, Paſſion's ſtrife,
And all Opinion's Colours caſt on Life.
Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The Optics ſeeing, as the Objects ſeen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come diſcolour'd thro' our Paſſions ſhown,
Or Fancy's beam inlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thouſand dyes.
Our Depths who fathoms, or our Shallows finds?
Quick Whirls, and ſhifting Eddies, of our minds?

---

V. 15. General Maxims notional, a Peculiarity in ev'ry Man.

V. 19. The difficulties of diſcovering and fixing this Peculiarity.

V. 29. The Uncertainty of the Principles of Action in Men.

V. 18. *There are above* 300 *Sorts of Moſs obſerved by Naturaliſts.*

Life's

Life's Stream for Obſervation will not ſtay,
It hurries all too faſt to mark their way.
In vain ſedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we muſt ſnatch, not take.
On human Actions reaſon tho' you can,
It may be Reaſon, but it is not Man;
His Principle of Action once explore,
That inſtant, 'tis his Principle no more;
Like following Life thro' Creatures you diſſect,
You loſe it, in the moment you detect.
Oft, in the Paſſions wild rotation toſt,
Our Spring of Action to ourſelves is loſt:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the laſt we yield,
And what comes then is maſter of the field.
As the laſt Image of that troubled heap,
When Senſe ſubſides, and Fancy ſports in ſleep,
(Tho' paſt the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the ſtuff of which our Dream is wrought;
Something, as dim to our internal view,
Is thus perhaps the cauſe of all we do.
In vain the grave, with retroſpective eye,
Would from th' apparent *what* conclude the *why*,
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and ſhow
That what we *chanc'd*, was what we *meant* to do.

---

V. 41. Our own Principle of Action, often unknown to ourſelves.

V. 51, &c. to 70. No judging of the *Motives* from the *Actions*, the ſame Actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and contrary Actions from the ſame Motives.

Behold! if Fortune, or a Miſtreſs frowns,
Some plunge in bus'neſs, others ſhave their crowns:
To eaſe the ſoul of one oppreſſive weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:
The ſame aduſt Complexion has impell'd
*Charles* to the Convent, *Philip* to the Field.

Not always *Actions* ſhew the Man: we find,
Who does a kindneſs is not therefore kind;
Perhaps Proſperity becalm'd his Breaſt;
Perhaps the Wind juſt ſhifted from the Eaſt:
Not therefore humble he who ſeeks Retreat,
Pride guides his ſteps, and bids him ſhun the Great.
Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave;
He dreads a Death-bed like the meaneſt ſlave.
Who reaſons wiſely, is not therefore wiſe;
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies.

But grant that Actions beſt diſcover Man;
Take the moſt *ſtrong*, and *ſort* them as you can:
The *few* that glare, each Character muſt mark,
You balance not the *many* in the dark.
What will you do with ſuch as diſagree?
Suppreſs them, or miſcall them Policy?
Muſt then at once (the Character to ſave)
A plain, rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?

---

V. 60. CHARLES V. PHILIP II.

V. 71. To form *Characters*, we can only take the ſtrongeſt and moſt ſhining Actions of a Man's Life, and try to make them conſiſtent. The Uncertainty of this.

Alas!

Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was ſick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from *Britain*, *Cæſar* made retreat?
*Cæſar* perhaps had told you, he was beat:
The mighty *Czar* what mov'd to wed a Punk?
The mighty *Czar* might anſwer, he was drunk:
But ſage Hiſtorians! 'tis your task to prove
One action Conduct, one Heroic Love.
'Tis from *high Life* high Characters are drawn;
A Saint in crape is twice a Saint in lawn;
A Judge is juſt, a Chanc'lor juſter ſtill;
A Gownman learn'd; a Biſhop, what you will:
Wiſe, if a Miniſter; but if a King,
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more ev'ry thing.
Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the higheſt rate,
Born where heav'ns influence ſcarce can penetrate.
In Life's low vale, (the ſoil the Virtues like)
They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonders ſtrike.
Tho' the ſame Sun with all diffuſive rays
Bluſh in the roſe, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the ſtronger effort of his pow'r,
And always ſet the Gem above the Flow'r.
'Tis *Education* forms the vulgar mind;
Juſt as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt Son is a Squire;
The next a Tradeſman, meek, and much a Liar;

---

V. 87. Characters given meerly according to the *Rank* of men in the world.

V. 101. *Education* alters the Character of moſt men.

*Tom* ſtruts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave;
*Will* ſneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding Knave:
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r;
A Quaker? ſly; a Presbyterian? ſour;
A ſmart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.

True, ſome are open and to all Men known;
Others ſo very cloſe, they're hid from none;
(So Darkneſs fills the eye no leſs than Light)
Thus gracious CHANDOS is belov'd at ſight:
And ev'ry Child hates *Shylock*, tho' his Soul
Still ſits at ſquat, and peeps not from its hole.

At half Mankind when gen'rous *Manly* raves,
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them Knaves:
When univerſal homage *Umbra* pays,
All ſee 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praiſe.
Who but deteſts th' Endearments of *Courtine?*
While *One* there is, who charms us with his *Spleen*.

But theſe plain Characters we rarely find,
Tho' ſtrong the Bent, yet quick the Turns of mind.
Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole,
Or Affectations quite reverſe the Soul.
The dull, flat Falſehood ſerves for Policy,
And in the Cunning, Truth itſelf's a Lye.
Unthought of Frailties cheat us in the Wiſe,
The Fool lies hid in Inconſiſtencies.

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V. 110. Of plain Characters.

V. 122. Of the Cauſes confounding Characters, and the Inconſiſtency of a Man with himſelf.

See the ſame Man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at Bus'neſs, and at Hazard late;
Mad at a Fox-chaſe, wiſe at a Debate;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;
Friendly at *Hackney*, faithleſs at *Whitehall*.

*Catius* is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a Knave, is next a knave;
Save juſt at Dinner——then prefers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Ven'ſon to a Saint without.

Who would not praiſe *Patritio*'s high deſert?
His hand unſtain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehenſive head; all Int'reſts weigh'd,
All *Europe* ſav'd, yet *Britain* not betray'd.
He thanks you not; his pride was in Piquette,
*Newmarket*-fame, and judgment at a Bett.

Triumphant Leaders, at an Army's head,
Hemm'd round with Glories, pilfer cloth or bread,
As meanly plunder, as they bravely fought,
Now ſave a People, and now ſave a groat.

What made (ſay *Montagne*, or more ſage *Charron!*)
*Otho* a Warrior, *Cromwell* a Buffoon?
A perjur'd Prince a *leaden Saint* revere?
A god-leſs Regent tremble at a *Star?*

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V. 140. Unimaginable Weakneſſes in the greateſt Men.
V. 152. A *perjur'd Prince*, &c. Lewis XI. *of* France.
V. 155, &c. Victor Amadeo II. *King of* Sardinia, *who reſign'd his Crown to his Son, and afterwards being inclin'd to reſume it, was Impriſoned till he died.*

The

The Throne a *Bigot* keep, a *Genius* quit,
Faithleſs thro' Piety, and dup'd thro' Wit?
*Europe*, a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule;
And juſt her ableſt Monarch made a fool?
Know, GOD and NATURE only are the ſame:
In Man, the judgment ſhoots at flying game;
A Bird of paſſage! loſt, as ſoon as found;
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground!
Ask mens *Opinions*: *Scoto* now ſhall tell
How trade increaſes, and the world goes well;
Strike off his Penſion by the ſetting Sun,
And *Britain*, if not *Europe*, is undone.
*Manners* with Fortunes, *Humours* change with Climes,
*Tenets* with Books, and *Principles* with Times.
Judge we by *Nature?* Habit can efface,
Int'reſt o'ercome, or Policy take place:
By *Actions?* thoſe Uncertainty divides:
By *Paſſions?* theſe Diſſimulation hides:
*Affections?* they ſtill take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change?
'Tis in the *ruling Paſſion*: there alone,
The wild are conſtant, and the cunning known,

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V. 158. Nothing conſtant and certain, but GOD and NATURE.

V. 162, &c. No certain judging of Men by their Opinions, Manners, Humours, Principles, Conſtitution, Actions, Affections, Paſſions —— only by the RULING PASSION.

V. 175. This, if to be found, reconciles the ſeeming, or real Inconſiſtencies of Men's Actions. An Example, in a Character of the ſtrongeſt Contradictions,

The fool conſiſtent, and the falſe ſincere;
Prieſts, Princes, Women, no diſſemblers here.
This Clue once found, unravels all the reſt;
The Proſpect clears, and *Clodio* ſtands confeſt.
*Clodio*, the Scorn and Wonder of our days,
Whoſe ruling paſſion was the *Luſt of Praiſe*;
Born with whate'er could win it from the Wiſe,
Women and Fools muſt like him, or he dies.
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he ſpoke,
The Club muſt hail him Maſter of the *Joke*.
Shall parts ſo various aim at nothing new?
He'll ſhine a *Tully*, and a *Wilmot* too:
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the ſame Spirit that he drinks and whores:
Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Fry'r.
Thus, with each gift of Nature and of Art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;
Grown all to all, from no one Vice exempt,
And moſt contemptible to ſhun Contempt;
His Paſſion ſtill to covet gen'ral praiſe,
His Life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
A conſtant Bounty, which no friend has made;
An Angel Tongue which no man can perſuade;
A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd;
A Tyrant to the Wife his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very King he loves;
He dies, ſad out-caſt of each Church and State!
And (harder ſtill) flagitious, yet not great!

Ask

Ask you why *Clodio* broke thro' every rule?
'Twas all for fear, the Knaves ſhould call him Fool.
*Nature* well known, no Miracles remain,
Comets are regular, and *Clodio* plain.
Yet in the ſearch, the wiſeſt may miſtake,
If *ſecond* Qualities for *firſt* they take.
When *Catiline* by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore,
When *Cæſar* made a noble Dame a whore,
In this the Luſt, in that the Avarice
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice.
That very *Cæſar*, born in *Scipio*'s days,
Had aim'd, like him, by Chaſtity at praiſe:
*Lucullus*, when Frugality could charm,
Had roaſted Turnips in the *Sabin* farm.
In vain th' Obſerver eyes the Builder's toil,
But quite miſtakes the *Scaffold* for the *Pile*.
In this one Paſſion Man can ſtrength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour, juſt when they deſtroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this: it ſticks to our laſt ſand.
Conſiſtent in our follies, and our ſins,
Here honeſt Nature ends as ſhe begins.
Behold a rev'rend Sire, whom Want of Grace
Has made the father of a nameleſs race,

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V. 210. A caution againſt the miſtake of *ſecond Qualities* for *firſt*, which will deſtroy all poſſibility of the Knowledge of Mankind.

V. 222, &c. Examples of the ſtrength, and certain continuance of the *Ruling Paſſion* to Death.

Crawl

Crawl thro' the ſtreet, ſhov'd on, or rudely preſs'd
By his own ſons, that paſs him by un-bleſs'd!
Still to his Wench he creeps, on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry Sparrow that he ſees.
A Salmon's belly, *Helluo*, was thy fate:
The Doctor call'd declares all help too late.
Mercy! cries *Helluo*, mercy on my ſoul!
Is there no hope? alas! —— then bring the ſowl.
" Odious! in *Woollen!* 'twou'd a Saint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor *Narciſſa* ſpoke)
" No, let a charming Chintz, and *Bruſſels* lace
" Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:
" One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead—
" And, *Betty!* give this cheek a little Red.
Old Politicians chew on Wiſdom paſt,
And blunder on in Bus'neſs to the laſt;
As weak as earneſt; and as gravely *out*,
As ſober *Lanesb'row*, dancing in the Gout.
The Courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble Servant to all Human kind,

---

V. 247. *An ancient Nobleman, who continued this practiſe long after his Legs were diſabled by the Gout. Upon the death of Prince* George *of* Denmark, *he demanded an Audience of the* Queen, *to adviſe her to preſerve her Health, and diſpell her Grief by* Dancing.

*The reſt of theſe Inſtances are ſtrictly true, tho' the Perſons are not named.*

Juſt

Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue could ſtir,
" If—where I'm going —— I could ſerve you, Sir."
" I give and I deviſe (old *Euclio* ſaid,
And ſigh'd) " my Lands and Tenements to *Ned*."
Your Money, Sir? " My Money, ſir! what all?
" Why—if I muſt— (then wept) I give it *Paul*." 255
The Mannor, ſir? — " The Mannor! hold, he cry'd,
" Not that —— I cannot part with that" — and dy'd.
And you! brave COBHAM, to the lateſt breath,
Shall feel your *ruling Paſſion* ſtrong in death:
Such in thoſe moments, as in all the paſt, 620
" Oh ſave my Country, Heav'n!" ſhall be your laſt.

# EPISTLE II.

## *To a* LADY.

NOTHING ſo true as what you once let fall,
"Moſt Women have no Characters at all."
Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear,
And beſt diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many Pictures of one Nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
*Arcadia*'s Counteſs, here, in ermin'd pride,
There, *Paſtorella* by a Fountain ſide.
Here *Fannia*, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked *Leda* with a Swan.
Let then the Fair-one beautifully cry,
In *Magdalen*'s looſe hair and lifted eye,

---

Of the CHARACTERS of WOMEN, [a Corollary to the former Epiſtle] *treating of this Sex only as contradiſtinguiſhed from the other.*

V. 1. *&c.* That their *particular Characters* are not ſo ſtrongly mark'd as thoſe of Men, ſeldom ſo fixed, and ſtill more inconſiſtent with themſelves.

Or

Or dreſt in ſmiles of ſweet *Cecilia* ſhine,
With ſimp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine;
Whether the Charmer ſinner it, or ſaint it,
If Folly grows romantic, muſt I paint it?
Come then, the Colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air,
Chuſe a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, e're ſhe change, the *Cynthia* of this minute.
*Rufa*, whoſe eye quick-glancing o'er the *Park*,
Attracts each light gay Meteor of a Spark,
Agrees as ill with *Rufa* ſtudying *Locke*,
As *Sapho*'s diamonds with her dirty ſmock,
Or *Sapho*'s ſelf in glue (her riſing task)
And iſſuing flagrant to an evening Mask:
So morning Inſects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow, in the ſetting-ſun.
How ſoft is *Silia!* fearful to offend,
The frail one's Advocate, the weak one's friend:
To her, *Caliſta* prov'd her Conduct nice,
And good *Simplicius* asks of her Advice.
Sudden, ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! You tip the wink,
But ſpare your cenſure; *Silia* does not drink.

---

*Inſtances* of this Poſition, given even from ſuch *Characters*, as are moſt ſtrongly mark'd, and ſeemingly therefore moſt *conſiſtent*. As firſt, Contrarieties in the *Affected*. Ver. 21.

II. Contrarieties in the *Soft-natur'd*. Ver. 29, and 37.

All

All eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe,
All eyes may ſee —— a Pimple on her noſe.
*Papillia*, wedded to her am'rous Spark,
Sighs for the ſhades —— "How charming is a *Park!*
A *Park* is purchas'd, but the Fair he ſees
All bath'd in tears — "Oh odious, odious *Trees!*
Ladies like variegated Tulips ſhow,
'Tis to their Changes half their charms we owe;
Such happy ſpots the nice Admirer take,
Fine by defect, and delicately weak.
'Twas thus *Calypſo* once our hearts alarm'd,
Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
Her Tongue bewitch'd as odly as her Eyes,
Leſs Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wiſe:
Strange graces ſtill, and ſtranger flights ſhe had,
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad;
Yet ne'er ſo ſure our paſſion to create,
As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.
*Narciſſa*'s nature, tolerably mild,
To make a waſh, would hardly ſtew a child,
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r,
And paid a Tradeſman once to make him ſtare,
Gave alms at *Eaſter*, in a chriſtian trim,
And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare Good-nature is her ſcorn,
When 'tis by that alone ſhe can be born?

---

III. Contrarieties in the Cunning and Artful. Ver. 45.

IV. In the Whimſical.. Ver 53. Why

Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame!
Now deep in *Taylor* and the Book of *Martyrs*,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and *Chartres*.
Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns;
And Atheism and Religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.
*Flavia*'s a Wit, has too much sense to *pray*,
To *toast* our wants and wishes, is her way;
Nor asks of *God* but of her *Stars* to give
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for Death, that Opiate of the soul!
*Lucretia*'s dagger, *Rosamonda*'s bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouse too kind.
Wise Wretch! with Pleasures too refin'd to please,
With too much Spirit to be e'er at ease,
With too much Quickness ever to be taught,
With too much Thinking to have common Thought:
You purchase Pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a Rage to live.
Turn then from Wits; and look on *Simo*'s Mate,
No Ass so meek, no Ass so obstinate:
Or her, that owns her Faults, but never mends
Because she's honest, and the best of Friends:

---

V. Contrarieties in the Witty and Refin'd. V. 69.

Or

Or her, whoſe life the Church and Scandal ſhare,
For ever in a Paſſion, or a Pray'r:
Or her who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, oh how charming if there's no ſuch place!
Or who in ſweet viciſſitude appears
Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears,
The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,
To kill thoſe foes to Fair ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and Fool are *two* hard things to hit,
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.
Pictures like theſe, (dear Madam) to deſign,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wandring touches, ſome reflected light,
Some flying ſtroke, alone can hit them right:
For how ſhould equal colours do the knack,
*Cameleons* who can paint in white and black?
* In publick Stations Men ſometimes are ſhown,
A Woman's ſeen in Private life alone:
Our bolder Talents in full view diſplay'd,
Your Virtues open faireſt in the ſhade.

---

* *Between this and the former lines, and alſo in ſome following Parts, a want of Connection may be perceived, occaſioned by the omiſſion of certain* Examples *and* Illuſtrations *to the Maxims laid down, which may put the Reader in mind of what the Author has ſaid in his Imitation of* Horace,

Publiſh the preſent Age, but where the Text
Is Vice too high, reſerve it for the next.

Bred to diſguiſe, in publick 'tis you hide;
Where none diſtinguiſh 'twixt your *Shame* or *Pride*,
*Weakneſs* or *Delicacy*; all ſo nice,
Each is a ſort of *Virtue* and of *Vice*.

* In Men, we various Ruling Paſſions find,
In Women, two almoſt divide the Kind;
Thoſe only fix'd they firſt or laſt obey,
The Love of Pleaſures, and the Love of Sway.
That, *Nature* gives; and where the *Leſſon* taught
Is but to pleaſe, can Pleaſure ſeem a fault?
*Experience*, this; by Man's Oppreſſion curſt,
They ſeek the ſecond not to loſe the firſt.
Men, ſome to Buſineſs, ſome to Pleaſure take,
But every Woman is, at heart, a Rake:
Men, ſome to Quiet, ſome to publick Strife,
But every Lady would be Queen for life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
*Pow'r* all their end, but Beauty all the means.
In Youth they conquer, with ſo wild a rage,
As leaves them ſcarce a Subject in their Age:

---

V. 111. The former part having ſhewn that the *Particular Characters* of Women are more various than thoſe of Men, it is nevertheleſs obſerv'd, that the *General* Characteriſtic of the Sex, as to the *Ruling Paſſion*, is more uniform.

V. 115. This is occaſioned partly by their *Nature*, partly their *Education*, and in ſome degree by *Neceſſity*.

V. 123. What are the *Aims* and the *Fate* of this Sex? I.—as to *Power*.

For

For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of Peace or Happineſs at home.
But Wiſdom's Triumph is well-tim'd Retreat,
As hard a ſcience to the Fair as Great!
Beauties like Tyrants, old and friendleſs grown,
Yet hate Repoſe, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in publick, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one ſigh behind them when they die.
*Pleaſures* the Sex, as Children birds, purſue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view,
Sure, if they catch, to ſpoil the Toy at moſt,
To covet flying, and regret when loſt:
At laſt, to Follies Youth could ſcarce defend
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend;
Aſham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As Hags hold *Sabbaths*, leſs for joy than ſpight,
So theſe their merry, miſerable Night;
Still round and round the Ghoſts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the Places where their Honour dy'd.
See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Froſicks, an old Age of Cards,
Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend,
A Fop their Paſſion, but their Prize a Sot,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!
Ah Friend! to *dazzle* let the Vain deſign,
To raiſe the Thought and touch the Heart, be thine!

---

II.— As to *Pleaſure*. V. 135.

That Charm ſhall grow, while what fatigues the Ring
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing.
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the ſight,
All mild aſcends the Moon's more ſober light,
Serene in Virgin Modeſty ſhe ſhines,
And unobſerv'd the glaring Orb declines.

Oh! bleſt with *Temper*, whoſe unclouded ray
Can make to morrow chearful as to day;
She, who can own a Siſter's charms, or hears
Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ears;
That never anſwers till a Husband cools,
Or, if ſhe rules him, never ſhows ſhe rules;
Charms by accepting, by ſubmitting ſways,
Yet has her humour moſt, when ſhe obeys;
Lets Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Diſdains all loſs of Tickets, or Codille;
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Miſtreſs of herſelf, tho' China fall.

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at beſt a Contradiction ſtill.
Heav'n, when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can
Its laſt, beſt work, but forms a *ſofter Man*;
Picks from each ſex, to make the Fav'rite bleſt,
Your love of Pleaſure, our deſire of Reſt,
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your Taſte of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools,

---

V. 153. Advice for their true Intereſt.

V. 175. The Picture of an eſteemable Woman, with the beſt kind of Contrarieties.

Re-

Reſerve with Frankneſs, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with Softneſs, Modeſty with Pride,
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces ——*You*.
Ev'n ſuch is Woman's Fame: With this un-bleſt,
Toaſts live a ſcorn, and Queens may die a jeſt.
This *Phœbus* promis'd, (I forget the Year,)
When thoſe blue eyes firſt open'd on the ſphere;
Aſcendant *Phœbus* watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your Parents ſimple Pray'r,
And gave you *Beauty*, but deny'd the *Pelf*
That buys your Sex a Tyrant o'er itſelf:
The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,
Kept Droſs for Ducheſſes, the world ſhall know it,
To you gave Senſe, Good-humour, and a Poet.

# EPISTLE III.

## TO

## ALLEN Lord BATHURST.

WHO ſhall decide, when Doctors diſagree,
And ſoundeſt Caſuiſts doubt, like you and me?
You hold the Word, from *Jove* to *Momus* giv'n,
That Man was made the ſtanding Jeſt of heav'n;
And *Gold* but ſent to keep the fools in play,
For half to heap, and half to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our Kind,
(And ſurely Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining miſchief under ground:
But when, by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this Rival to its ſire the Sun,
Then, in plain proſe, were made two ſorts of men,
To ſquander ſome, and ſome to hide agen.

---

OF THE USE OF RICHES. *That the true uſe of Riches is known to few, moſt falling into one of the Extremes,* Avarice *or* Profuſion. V. 1, *&c.*

Like

Like Doctors thus, when much diſpute has paſt,
We find our Tenets juſt the ſame at laſt.
Both fairly owning, Riches in effect
No Grace of heav'n, or token of th' Elect;
Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To *Ward*, to *Waters*, *Chartres*, and the Devil.

What

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V. 20. JOHN WARD of Hackney, Eſq; Member of Parliament, being proſecuted by the Ducheſs of Buckingham, and convicted of Forgery, was firſt expelled the Houſe, and then ſtood in the Pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was ſuſpected of joining in a Conveyance with Sir John Blunt to ſecrete fifty thouſand pounds of that Director's Eſtate, forfeited to the South Sea Company by Act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fifty thouſand pounds againſt Ward, but he ſet up prior Conveyances of his real Eſtate to his Brother and Son, and conceal'd all his perſonal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thouſand pounds: Theſe Conveyances being alſo ſet aſide by a Bill in Chancery, Ward was impriſoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life by not giving in his Effects till the laſt day, which was that of his Examination. During his confinement, his amuſement was to give Poiſon to Dogs and Cats, and ſee them expire by ſlower or quicker torments. To ſum up the *Worth* of this Gentleman, at the ſeveral Æra's of his life; at his ſtanding in the Pillory he was *worth above two hundred thouſand pounds*; at his Commitment to Priſon, he

was *worth one hundred and fifty thouſand*, but has been ſince ſo far diminiſhed in his Reputation, as to be thought a *worſe Man* by *fifty or ſixty thouſand*.

Fr. Chartres, a Man infamous for all manner of Vices. When he was an Enſign in the Army, he was drumm'd out of the Regiment for a Cheat; he was next baniſh'd Bruſſels, and drumm'd out of Ghent on the ſame account. After a hundred Tricks at the Gaming-Tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant intereſt, and on great penalties, accumulating Premium, intereſt, and capital into a new Capital, and ſeizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a conſtant Attention to the Vices, Wants, and Follies of Mankind, he acquired an immenſe fortune. His Houſe was a perpetual Bawdy-houſe. He was twice condemn'd for Rapes, and pardoned, but the laſt time not without Impriſonment in Newgate, and large Confiſcations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The Populace at his Funeral rais'd a great riot, almoſt tore the Body out of the Coffin, and caſt dead Dogs, *&c.* into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his Character very juſtly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot.

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who with an Inflexible Constancy, and
Inimitable Uniformity of Life,
Persisted,
In ſpite of Age and Infirmities,

In

In the Practice of EVERY HUMANE VICE;
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,
His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.

Nor was he more singular in the un-deviating *Pravity*
of his *Manners*, than successful in
*Accumulating* WEALTH,
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLICK MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
He acquired, or more properly Created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only Person of his Time,
Who cou'd CHEAT without the Mask of HONESTY,
Retain his Primæval MEANNESS when possess'd of
TEN THOUSAND a Year,
And having daily deserv'd the GIBBET for what he *did*,
Was at last condemn'd to it for what he *could* not *do*.

Oh Indignant Reader!
Think not his Life Useless to Mankind!
PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable Designs,
To give to After-Ages a conspicuous
PROOF, and EXAMPLE,
Of how small Estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
in the Sight of GOD, by his bestowing it on
The most UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

This Gentleman was *worth seven thousand pounds a year* Estate in Land, and about *one hundred thousand* in Money.

Mr.

What Nature wants, commodious Gold beſtows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another ſows:
But how unequal it beſtows, obſerve,
'Tis thus we riot, while who ſow it, ſtarve.
What Nature wants (a phraſe I much diſtruſt)
Extends to Luxury, extends to Luſt;
And if we count among the Needs of life
Another's Toil, why not another's Wife?
Uſeful, we grant, it ſerves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Aſſaſſin hires:
Trade it may help, Society extend;
But lures the Pyrate, and corrupts the Friend:
It raiſes Armies in a Nation's aid,
But bribes a Senate, and the land's betray'd.
Oh! that ſuch bulky *Bribes* as all might ſee
Still, as of old, encumber'd Villainy!
In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave,
If ſecret Gold ſaps on from knave to knave.

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Mr. WATERS, the third of theſe Worthies, was a man no way reſembling the former in his military, but extremely ſo in his civil Capacity; his great fortune having been rais'd by the like diligent Attendance on the Neceſſities of others. But this Gentleman's Hiſtory muſt be deferred till his death, when his *Worth* may be known more certainly.

V. 21. What Nature wants, &c.] *The Point diſcuſs'd, whether the Invention of* Money *has been more commodious, or more pernicious to mankind?*

Could

Could *France* or *Rome* divert our brave deſigns,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than Knights and Squires con-
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round? [found,
A Stateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech would ſpoil,
" Sir, *Spain* has ſent a thouſand jars of oyl;
" Huge bales of *Britiſh* cloth blockade the door;
" A hundred *Oxen* at your Levee roar.
Poor Avarice one torment more would find,
Nor could Profuſion ſquander all, in kind.
Aſtride his cheeſe Sir *Morgan* might we meet,
And *Worldly* crying Coals from ſtreet to ſtreet,
(Whom with a Wig ſo wild, and mien ſo maz'd,
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor Tradeſman craz'd.)
Had *Colepeper*'s whole wealth been Hops and hogs,
Could he himſelf have ſent it to the dogs?

His

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V. 50. Some Miſers of great Wealth, Proprietors of the Coal-mines, had enter'd at this time into an Aſſociation to keep up Coals to an extravagant price, whereby the Poor were reduced almoſt to ſtarve, till one of them taking the advantage of underſelling the reſt, defeated the deſign. One of theſe Miſers was *worth ten thouſand*, another *ſeven thouſand* a year.

V. 53. *Colepeper.*] Sir WILLIAM COLEPEPER, Bart. a Perſon of an ancient Family and ample Fortune without one other quality of a Gentleman, who after ruining himſelf at the Gaming-table, paſt the reſt of his days in ſitting there to ſee the ruin of others; preferring to ſubſiſt upon borrowing and beg-

ing,

His Grace will game: to *White*'s a Bull be led,
With ſpurning heels, and with a butting head;
To *White*'s be carry'd, as to ancient Games,
Fair Courſers, Vaſes, and alluring Dames.
Shall then *Uxorio*, if the ſtakes he ſweep,
Bear home ſix whores, and make his Lady weep?
Or ſoft *Adonis*, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. *James*'s a whole herd of Swine?
Oh filthy check on all induſtrious skill,
To ſpoil the Nation's laſt great Trade, *Quadrille!*
Once, we confeſs, beneath the Patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bagg the dropping Guinea *ſpoke*,
And gingling down the back-ſtairs, told the crew,
"Old *Cato* is as great a Rogue as you."
Bleſt *Paper-credit!* that advanc'd ſo high,
Now lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!

---

ing, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refuſing a Poſt in the Army which was offer'd him.

V. 65.—— *beneath the Patriot's Cloke.*] This is a true Story which happened in the reign of William III. to an unſuſpected old Patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been cloſeted by the King, where he had received a large Bag of Guineas, the burſting of the bag diſcovered his buſineſs there.

Gold,

Gold, imp'd with this, can compaſs hardeſt things,
Can pocket States, or fetch or carry *Kings*;
A ſingle Leaf can waft an *Army* o'er,
Or ſhip off *Senates* to ſome diſtant ſhore;
A Leaf like *Sybil*'s, ſcatters to and fro
Our fates and fortunes as the winds ſhall blow;
Pregnant with thouſands flits the ſcrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a King, or buys a Queen.
Well then, ſince with the World we ſtand or fall,
Come take it as we find it, Gold and all.
What Riches give us, let us firſt enquire:
Meat, fire, and cloaths. What more? meat, cloaths, and fire.

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V. 72. —— *fetch or carry Kings*] In our Author's time, many Princes had been ſent about the world, and great Changes of Kings projected in Europe. The Partition-Treaty had diſpos'd of *Spain*, *France* had ſet up a King for *England*, who was ſent to *Scotland*, and back again; King *Staniſlaus* was ſent to *Poland*, and back again; the Duke of *Anjou* was ſent to *Spain*, and *Don Carlos* to *Italy*.

V. 74. *Or ſhip off* Senates *to ſome diſtant ſhore*.] Alludes to ſeveral Miniſters, Counſellors, and Patriots baniſhed in our times to *Siberia*, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT of PARIS, baniſhed to Pontoiſe in the year 1720.

V. 75. *A Leaf like* Sybils.—Virg. Æn. 6.

V. 81. *What Riches give us*, &c.] *That* Riches, *either to the* Avaricious or *the* Prodigal, *cannot afford Neceſſaries, much leſs Happineſs.*

Is

Is this too little? wou'd you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than *Turner* finds they give.
Alas 'tis more than (all his Viſions paſt)
Unhappy *Wharton*, waking, found at laſt!
What can they give? to dying *Hopkins* Heirs?
To *Ghartres* Vigour, *Japhet*, Noſe and ears?

Can

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V. 84. *Turner.*] One, who being poſſeſſed of three hundred thouſand pounds, laid down his Coach becauſe Intereſt was reduced from 5 to 4 *per cent.* and then put ſeventy thouſand into the Charitable Corporation for better intereſt: which Sum having loſt, he took it ſo much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outliv'd it, but that he was Heir to another conſiderable Eſtate which he daily expected, and that by this courſe of life he ſav'd both Clothes and all other expences.

V. 86. Unhappy *Wharton!*] A Nobleman of great Qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been Vices and Follies. See his Character in the firſt Epiſtle of the ſecond book.

V. 87. *Hopkins.*] A Citizen whoſe Rapacity obtain'd him the name of *Vultur Hopkins.* He lived worthleſs, but died *worth three hundred thouſand pounds*: which he would give to no perſon living, but left it ſo as not to be inherited till after the ſecond Generation. His Counſel repreſenting to him how many years it muſt be, before this could take effect, and that his Money could only lie at Intereſt all that time, he expreſt

great

Can they, in gems bid pallid *Hippia* glow,
In *Fulvia*'s buckle eaſe the throbs below,
Or heal, old *Narſes*, thy obſcener ail,
With all th' embroid'ry plaiſter'd at thy tail?
They might, (were *Harpax* not too wiſe to ſpend)
Give *Harpax* ſelf the bleſſing of a Friend;
Or find ſome Doctor that would ſave the life
Of wretched *Shylock*, ſpite of *Shylock*'s Wife:
But thouſands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a College, or a Cat:
To ſome indeed heav'n grants the happier fate
T'enrich a Baſtard, or a Son they hate.

---

great Joy thereat, and ſaid, "They would then be "as long in ſpending, as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards ſet aſide the Will, and gave it to the Heir at law.

V. 88. *Japhet, Noſe and Ears.*] JAPHET CROOK, alias Sir *Peter Stranger*, was puniſhed with the loſs of thoſe parts, for having forged a *Conveyance* of an Eſtate to himſelf, upon which he took up ſeveral thouſand pounds. He was at the ſame time ſued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtain'd a *Will*, by which he poſſeſs'd another conſiderable Eſtate, in wrong of the Brother of the deceas'd. By theſe means he was *worth* a great Sum, which (in reward for the ſmall loſs of his Ears) he enjoy'd in Priſon till his death, and quietly left to his Executor.

V. 98. *Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.*] A famous Ducheſs of R. in her laſt Will left conſiderable legacies and annuities to her Cats.

Per-

Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part?
*B—nd* damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave Sir *Gilbert* holds it for a rule,
That "every man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love (ſays *Blunt*, with lifted eyes)
"The wretch he ſtarves"—— and piouſly denies:
But rev'rend *S**n* with a ſofter air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet, to be juſt to theſe poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his Neighbour as himſelf:

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V. 202. B*nd *damns the Poor*—
*But Reverend* S** *with a ſofter air*
*Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.*

In the year 1730, a Corporation was eſtabliſhed to lend money to the Poor upon Pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation*. It was under the direction of the Right Honourable Sir R. S. Sir Arch. Grant, Mr. Denis Bond, Mr. Burroughs, *&c.* But the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of ſuch numbers, that it became a Parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of thoſe unhappy Sufferers, and three of the Managers, who were Members of the Houſe, were expelled. That "*God hates the Poor*, and *That every* "*man in want is Knave or Fool*, &c." were the genuine Apothegmes of ſome of the perſons here mentioned.

V. 110. *Each does but hate*, &c.] *That* Avarice *is an abſolute Frenzy, without an* End *or* Purpoſe. *Conjectures about the* Motives of *avaricious Men.*

Damn'd

Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides
The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.
Who ſuffer thus, meer Charity ſhould own
Muſt act on Motives pow'rful tho' unknown:
Some War, ſome Plague, ſome Famine they foreſee,
Some Revelation, hid from you and me.
Why *Shylock* wants a meal, the cauſe is found,
He thinks a Loaf will riſe to fifty pound.
What made *Directors* cheat in South-ſea year?
To live on Ven'ſon when it ſold ſo dear.
Ask you why *Phryne* the whole Auction buys?
*Phryne* foreſees a *General Exciſe*.
Why ſhe and *Sapho* raiſe that monſtrous ſum?
Alas! they fear a Man will coſt a plum.
Wiſe *Peter* ſees the World's reſpect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be ſold:

Glo-

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V. 120. *To live on Ven'ſon.*] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-ſea year, the price of a haunch of Veniſon was from three to five pounds.

V. 122. —— A *General Exciſe.*] Many People about the year 1733, had a conceit that ſuch a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this Lady might have ſome Intimation.

V. 125. *Wiſe Peter.*] PETER WALTER, a Perſon not only eminent in the Wiſdom of his Profeſſion, as a dextrous Attorney, but allow'd to be a good, if not a ſafe, Conveyancer; extremely reſpected by the Nobility of this land, tho' free from all manner of Luxury and Oſtentation: His Wealth was never ſeen, and his Bounty

Glorious Ambition! *Peter*, ſwell thy ſtore,
And be what *Rome*'s great *Didius* was before.
The Crown of *Poland*, venal twice an age,
To juſt three millions ſtinted modeſt *Gage*.
But nobler ſcenes *Maria*'s dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold.
Congenial ſouls! whoſe life one Av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' *Aſturian* Mines.
Much-injur'd *Blunt!* why bears he *Britain*'s hate?
A Wizard told him in theſe words our fate.

" At

never heard of; except to his own Son, for whom he procur'd an Employment of conſiderable profit, of which he gave him as much as was *neceſſary*. Therefore the taxing this Gentleman with any *Ambition*, is certainly a great wrong to him.

V. 128. *Rome's* great *Didius*.] A Roman Lawyer, ſo rich as to purchaſe the Empire when it was ſet to ſale upon the death of *Pertinax*.

V. 129. *The Crown of Poland*, &c.] The two Perſons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the time of the Miſſiſipi deſpis'd to realize above *three hundred thouſand pounds:* The Gentleman with a view to the purchaſe of the Crown of *Poland*, the Lady on a Viſion of the like Royal nature. They ſince retired into *Spain*, where they are ſtill in ſearch of Gold in the Mines of the *Aſturies*.

V. 135. *Much injur'd Blunt.*] Sir JOHN BLUNT, originally a Scrivener, was one of the firſt Projectors of the South-ſea Company, and afterwards one of the Directors and chief Managers of the famous Scheme in 1720. He was

" At length *Corruption*, like a gen'ral flood,
" (So long by watchful Miniſters withſtood)
" Shall deluge all; and *Av'rice* creeping on,
" Spread like a low-born miſt, and blot the *Sun*;
" Stateſman and Patriot ply alike the ſtocks,
" Peereſs and Butler ſhare alike the Box.
" The Judge ſhall job, the Biſhop bite the town,
" And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
" See *Britain* ſunk in Lucre's ſordid charms,
" And *France* reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's Arms!"
'Twas no Court-badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
Nor Lordly Luxury, nor City Gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, aſham'd to ſee
Senates degen'rate, Patriots diſagree,
And nobly wiſhing *Party-rage* to ceaſe,
To *buy both ſides*, and give thy Country peace.
All this is madneſs, cries a ſober Sage:
But who, my friend, has reaſon in his Rage?

---

was alſo one of thoſe who ſuffer'd moſt ſeverely by the Bill of Pains and Penalties on the ſaid Directors. He was a Diſſenter of a moſt religious deportment, and profeſs'd to be a great Believer. Whether he did really credit the *Prophecy* here mentioned is not certain, but it was conſtantly in this very ſtyle he declaimed againſt the *Corruption* and *Luxury* of the Age, the Partiality of *Parliaments*, and the Miſery of *Party-Spirit*. He was particularly eloquent againſt *Avarice* in *Great* and *Noble Perſons*, of which he had indeed liv'd to ſee many miſerable Examples. He died in the year 1732.

" The ruling Paſſion, be it what it will,
" The ruling Paſſion conquers Reaſon ſtill.
Leſs mad the wildeſt whimſey we can frame,
Than ev'n that Paſſion, if it has no Aim;
For tho' ſuch motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: " 'Tis Heav'n each Paſſion ſends,
" And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
" Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
" Extremes in Man concur to general uſe.
Ask we what makes one keep, and one beſtow?
That Pow'r who bids the Ocean ebb and flow,
Bids ſeed-time, harveſt, equal courſe maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like Inſects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their ſeaſon, fly.
Who ſees pale *Mammon* pine amidſt his ſtore,
Sees but a backward Steward for the Poor;
This year a Reſervoir, to keep and ſpare,
The next, a Fountain ſpouting thro' his Heir,
In laviſh ſtreams to quench a Country's thirſt,
And men and dogs ſhall drink him till they burſt.

---

V. 161, &c. *That the Conduct of Men with reſpect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the Order of* Providence, *which works the* General Good *out of* Extremes, *and brings all to its* Great End *by perpetual Revolutions.* See Book 1. Epiſt. 2. V. 155, &c. 197.

Old

Old *Cotta* ſham'd his Fortune and his Birth,
Yet was not *Cotta* void of wit or worth:
What tho' (the uſe of barb'rous ſpits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolneſs with his Grot?
His court with nettles, moat with creſſes ſtor'd,
With ſoups unbought, and ſallads, bleſt his board.
If *Cotta* liv'd on pulſe, it was no more
Than *Bramins*, *Saints*, and *Sages* did before;
To cram the rich, was prodigal expence,
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like ſome lone *Chartreuſe* ſtands the good old hall,
Silence without, and Faſts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor ſound,
No noontide-bell invites the country round;
Tenants with ſighs the ſmoakleſs tow'rs ſurvey,
And turn th' unwilling Steed another way:
Benighted wanderers, the foreſt o'er,
Curſe the ſav'd candle, and unopening door;
While the gaunt maſtiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not ſo his Son, he mark'd this overſight,
And then miſtook reverſe of wrong for right:
For what to ſhun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow, is a task indeed.

---

V. 180, &c. *How a* Miſer *acts upon Principles which appear to him reaſonable.*

V. 199. *How a* Prodigal *does the ſame.*

V. 184. *With ſoups unbought.*] —— dapibus menſas onerabat inemptis. VIRG.

Whole ſlaughter'd hecatombs, and floods of wine,
Fill the capacious Squire, and deep Divine.
Yet no mean Motive this profuſion draws,
His Oxen periſh in his Country's cauſe:
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
And Zeal for that great Houſe which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked ſeat,
The Sylvans groan — no matter — for the Fleet,
Next goes his wool —— to clothe our valiant bands,
Laſt, for his Country's love, he ſells his Lands.
To town he comes, compleats the nation's hope,
And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
And ſhall not *Britain* now reward his toils,
*Britain*, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?
In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cauſe,
His thankleſs country leaves him to her Laws.

The Senſe to value Riches, with the Art
T'enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiouſly perſu'd,
Not ſunk by ſloth, nor rais'd by ſervitude;
To balance Fortune by a juſt expence,
Join with Oeconomy, Magnificence,
With ſplendor, Charity, with plenty, Health;
Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unſpoil'd by wealth!
That ſecret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good nature, and of mean Self-love.

To Want, or Worth, well-weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,
And eaſe, or emulate, the care of Heav'n.

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V. 219. The *due Medium* and *true Uſe of Riches.*

Whoſe

Whoſe meaſure full o'erflows on human race,
Mends Fortune's fault, and juſtifies her grace.
Wealth in the groſs is death, but life diffus'd,
As Poiſon heals, in juſt proportion us'd:
In heaps, like Ambergriſe, a ſtink it lies,
But well diſpers'd, is Incenſe to the Skies.

Who ſtarves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The Wretch that truſts them, and the Rogue that cheats.
Is there a Lord, who knows a chearful noon
Without a *Fidler*, *Flatt'rer*, or *Buffoon?*
Whoſe table, Wit, or modeſt Merit ſhare,
Un-elbow'd by a *Gameſter*, *Pimp*, or *Play'r?*
Who copies Yours, or OXFORD's better part,
To eaſe th' oppreſs'd, and raiſe the ſinking heart?
Where-e'er he ſhines, oh Fortune gild the ſcene,
And Angels guard him in the Golden Mean!
There, *Engliſh Bounty* yet a while may ſtand,
And *Honour* linger, e're it leaves the land.

But all our praiſes why ſhould Lords engroſs?
Riſe honeſt Muſe! and ſing the MAN of ROSS:
Pleas'd

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V. 243. OXFORD's *better part.*] Edward Harley Earl of Oxford, the Son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne.

V. 250, *&c. The* MAN *of* ROSS.] The Perſon here celebrated, who with a ſmall Eſtate actually performed all theſe good works, and whoſe true Name was almoſt loſt (partly by the Title of the *Man of Roſs* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without ſo much

Pleas'd *Vaga* ecchoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid *Severn* hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe Cauſe-way parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe Seats the weary Traveller repoſe?
Who taught that heav'n-directed Spire to riſe?
The MAN of ROSS, each liſping babe replies.
Behold the Market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon Alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where Age and Want ſit ſmiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? the MAN of ROSS relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the Courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing *Quacks* with curſes fled the place,
And vile *Attornies*, now an uſeleſs race.
" Thrice happy man! enabled to perſue
" What all ſo wiſh, but want the pow'r to do.

---

as an Inſcription) was called Mr. *John Kyrle*. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interr'd in the Chancel of the Church of Roſs in Herefordſhire.

" Oh

" Oh ſay, what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
" What mines, to ſwell that boundleſs charity?
Of Debts and taxes, Wife and children clear,
This man poſſeſt — five hundred pounds a year.
Bluſh Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts withdraw your blaze!
Ye *little Stars!* hide your diminiſhed rays.
" And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
" His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?
Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his Name:
Go ſearch it there *, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd, by the Ends of Being, to have been.
When *Hopkins* dies, a thouſand lights attend
The wretch, who living ſav'd a candle's end:
Should'ring God's altar a vile Image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long Wig which *Gorgon*'s ſelf might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.
Behold what bleſſings Wealth to life can lend!
And ſee, what comfort it affords our End.
In the worſt Inn's worſt room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaiſter, and the walls of dung,

* The Pariſh Regiſter.

V. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.*] ridicules the wretched Taſte of carving large Perriwigs on Buſto's, of which there are ſeveral vile examples in the Tombs at Weſtminſter and elſewhere.

V. 299, *&c.* The Fate of the *Profuſe* and the *Covetous*, in Two *Examples*: both miſerable in *Life* and in *Death*.

On once a flockbed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw.
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow ſtrove with dirty red,
Great *Villers* lies — alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleaſure, and that ſoul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in *Cliveden*'s proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton *Shrewsbury* and Love;
Or juſt as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimick'd Stateſmen, and their merry King.
No Wit to flatter, left of all his ſtore!
No Fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, Victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of uſeleſs thouſands ends.
His Grace's fate ſage *Cutler* could foreſee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir *John?*
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Reſolve me, Reaſon, which of theſe is worſe?
Want with a full, or with an empty purſe:
Thy life more wretched, *Cutler*, was confeſs'd,
Ariſe, and tell me, was thy death more bleſs'd?
*Cutler* ſaw tenants break, and houſes fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a ſtranger's pow'r,
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.

---

V. 305. George Villers, Duke of Buckingham, who died in this manner.

A few

A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that ſold them for two pound.
What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Baniſh'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had.
*Cutler* and *Brutus*, dying both exclaim,
" Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a Name?
Say, for ſuch worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
That knotty point, my Lord, ſhall I diſcuſs,
Or tell a Tale? ——A Tale —— it follows thus.
Where *London*'s Column pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lyes:
There dwelt a Citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and *Balaam* was his name.
Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth;
His word would paſs for more than he was worth.
One ſolid diſh his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding ſolemniz'd the Lord's.
Conſtant at Church, and Change; his gains were ſure,
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.
The *Dev'l* was piqu'd, ſuch ſaintſhip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good *Job* of old:
But *Satan* now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

---

V. 339. *Where* London's *Column.*] The Monument built in memory of the Fire of London, with an Inſcription importing that City to have been burnt by the Papiſts. Rouz'd

Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his *Father* in the deep;
Then full againſt his *Corniſh* lands they roar,
And two rich ſhip-wrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.
*Sir Balaam* now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, he cracks his jokes:
" Live like your ſelf," was ſoon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmoak'd upon the board.
Aſleep and naked as an *Indian* lay,
An honeſt Factor ſtole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the *Diamond*, and the rogue was bit.
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
" I'll now give ſix-pence where I gave a groat,
" Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
" And am ſo clear too of all other vice."
The Tempter ſaw his time; the work he ply'd;
Stocks and Subſcriptions pour on ev'ry ſide,
Till all the Dæmon makes his full deſcent,
In one abundant ſhow'r of *Cent. per Cent*,
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole,
Then dubs *Director*, and ſecures his ſoul.
Behold Sir *Balaam*, now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit,
What late he call'd a *Bleſſing*, now was *Wit*,
And *God*'s good *Providence*, a lucky *Hit*.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn.
His Compting-houſe imploy'd the ſunday-morn;
Seldom at Church, (twas ſuch a buſy life)
But duly ſent his Family and Wife.

There

There (ſo the Dev'l ordain'd) one Chriſtmas-tide
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
A *Nymph* of *Quality* admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to pleaſe the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. *James*'s Air:
Firſt, for his Son a gay *Commiſſion* buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His Daughter flaunts a *Viſcount*'s tawdry wife;
She bears a Coronet and p——x for life.
In Britain's *Senate* he a ſeat obtains,
And one more Penſioner St. *Stephen* gains.
My Lady falls to *Play:* ſo bad her chance,
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from *France*;
The Houſe impeach him; *Coningsby* harangues,
The Court forſake him, and Sir *Balaam* hangs:
Wife, ſon, and daughter, *Satan*, are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:
The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And ſad Sir *Balaam* curſes God and dies.

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V. 358. *And one more Penſioner St* Stephen *gains.*]—
—atque unum civem donare *Sybillæ.*' Juv.

EPISTLE

# EPISTLE IV.

## TO

## RICHARD *Earl of* BURLINGTON.

'TIS ſtrange, the Miſer ſhould his Cares employ,
To gain thoſe Riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it leſs ſtrange, the Prodigal ſhould waſte
His wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?
Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats;
Artiſts muſt chuſe his Pictures, Muſic, Meats:
He buys for *Topham*, Drawings and Deſigns,
For *Fountain* Statues, and for *Pembroke* Coins;
Rare monkiſh Manuſcripts for *Hearne* alone,
And Books for *Mead*, and Rarities for *Sloane*.

---

This Epiſtle is a Corollary to the preceding: As that treated of the Extremes of *Avarice* and *Profuſion*, this takes up one branch of the latter, the Vanity of Expence in people of Quality or Fortune.

V. 7. *Topham.*] A Gentleman famous for a judicious collection of Drawings.

V. 10. *And Books for* Mead, *and Rarities for* Sloan.] Two eminent Phyſicians; the one had an excellent Library, the other the fineſt Collection in Europe of natural curioſities; both men of great learning and humanity.

Think

Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.
For what has *Virro* painted, built, and planted?
Only to ſhow, how many Taſtes he wanted.
What brought Sir *Viſto*'s ill-got wealth to waſte?
Some Dæmon whiſper'd, "*Viſto!* have a Taſte."
Heav'n viſits with a Taſte the wealthy fool,
And needs no Rod but *Ripley* with a Rule.
See! ſportive fate, to puniſh aukward pride,
Bids *Bubo* build, and ſends him ſuch a Guide:
A ſtanding ſermon, at each year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!
You ſhow us, *Rome* was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous buildings once were things of Uſe.
Yet ſhall (my Lord) your juſt, your noble rules
Fill half the land with Imitating Fools;
Who random drawings from your ſheets ſhall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load ſome vain Church with old Theatric ſtate,
Turn Arcs of triumph to a Garden-gate,
Reverſe your Ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall,
Then clap four ſlices of Pilaſter on't,
That, lac'd with bits of ruſtic, makes a Front.

---

V. 15. The Abuſe of the Word *Taſte.*

V. 23. The Earl of Burlington was then publiſhing the Deſigns of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio.

Shall

Shall call the winds thro' long Arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a *Venetian* door;
Conſcious they act a true *Palladian* part,
And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by rules of art.
  Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is, more needful than Expence,
And ſomething previous ev'n to Taſte——'Tis *Senſe:*
Good Senſe, which only is the gift of heav'n,
And tho' no ſcience, fairly worth the ſeven:
A Light, which in yourſelf you muſt perceive;
*Jones* and *Le Nôtre* have it not to give.
  To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To ſwell the Terras, or to ſink the Grot;
In all, let *Nature* never be forgot.
But treat the Goddeſs like a modeſt fair,
Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.

---

V. 36. A Door or Window, ſo called, from being much practiſed at Venice, by Palladio and others.

V. 39, *&c.* That the firſt principle and foundation of all Taſte, is *Good Senſe.*

V. 46. *Inigo Jones*, the celebrated Architect, and M. *Le Nôtre*, the Deſigner of the beſt Gardens of *France.*

V. 47, *&c.* The chief proof of good Senſe in this, as in every thing elſe, is to *follow Nature*, but with Judgment, and Choice.

He

He gains all points, who *pleaſingly confounds*,
*Surprizes, varies,* and *conceals the Bounds.*
Conſult the *Genius* of the *Place* in all;
That tells the Waters or to riſe, or fall,
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heav'ns to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling Theatres the Vale,
Calls in the Country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies ſhades from ſhades,
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and as you work, deſigns.
Begin with *Senſe*, of ev'ry Art the Soul,
Parts anſw'ring parts ſhall ſlide into a Whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from *Difficulty*, ſtrike, from *Chance*;
*Nature* ſhall join you, *Time* ſhall make it grow
A Work to wonder at —— perhaps a STOW.
Without it, proud *Verſailles!* thy glory falls,
And *Nero*'s Terraces deſert their walls:
The vaſt Parterres a thouſand hands ſhall make,
Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake:

---

V. 57, *&c.* The firſt Rule, to adapt all to the *Nature* and *Uſe* of the *Place*, and the Beauties not forced into it, but reſulting from it.

V. 70. The Seat and Gardens of the Lord Viſcount *Cobham* in Buckinghamſhire.

V. 71, *&c.* For want of this *Senſe*, and thro' neglect of this *Rule*, men are diſappointed in the moſt expenſive Undertakings. Nothing without this will ever pleaſe *long*, if it pleaſes *at all*.

Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain,
You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.
Behold *Villario*'s ten-years toil compleat,
His Quincunx *darkens*, his Eſpaliers *meet*,
The Wood *ſupports* the Plain, the parts *unite*,
And ſtrength of ſhade contends with ſtrength of light;
A waving Glow the bloomy beds diſplay,
Bluſhing in bright Diverſities of day,
With ſilver-quiv'ring rills mæander'd o'er——
Enjoy them, you! *Villario* can no more;
Tir'd of the ſcene Parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at laſt he better likes a Field.
Thro' his young woods how pleas'd *Sabinus* ſtray'd,
Or ſate delighted in the thick'ning ſhade,
With annual joy the red'ning ſhoots to greet,
Or ſee the ſtretching branches long to meet!
His Son's fine Taſte an op'ner viſta loves,
Foe to the *Dryads* of his Father's groves,

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V. 75. *Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain,*
*You'll wiſh your Hill or ſhelter'd Seat again.*

This was done in Hertfordſhire by a wealthy Citizen, at the expence of above 5000l. by which means (meerly to overlook a dead Plain) he let in the Northwind upon his Houſe and Parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.

One boundleſs Green, or flouriſh'd Carpet views,
With all the mournful family of Yews;
The thriving plants ignoble broomſticks made,
Now ſweep thoſe Alleys they were born to ſhade.
At *Timon*'s Villa let us paſs a day,
Where all cry out, "what ſums are thrown away!
So proud, ſo grand, of that ſtupendous air,
*Soft* and *Agreeable* come never there.

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V. 93. The two Extremes in Parterre, which are equally faulty, a *boundleſs Green*, large and naked as a field, or a *flouriſh'd Carpet*, where the greatneſs and nobleneſs of the piece is leſſened by being divided into too many parts, with ſcroll'd works and beds, of which the examples are frequent.

V. 94. — *mournful Family of Yews.*] Touches upon the ill taſte of thoſe who are ſo fond of Evergreens (particularly Yews which are the moſt tonſile) as to deſtroy the nobler Foreſt-trees, to make way for ſuch little ornaments as Pyramids of dark green, continually repeated, not unlike a Funeral proceſſion.

V. 97. *At* Timon's *Villa.*] This Deſcription is intended to comprize the Principles of a falſe Taſte of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was ſaid before, that nothing but good Senſe can attain it.

V. 100, *&c.* The firſt wrong Principle, is to imagine true Greatneſs conſiſts in ſize and dimenſion: whereas, let the work be ever ſo vaſt, unleſs the parts cohere in one harmony, it will be but a great many Littleneſſes put together.

Greatneſs, with *Timon*, dwells in ſuch a draught
As brings all *Brobdignag* before your thought.
To compaſs this, his building is a Town,
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
Who but muſt laugh, the Maſter when he ſees?
A puny inſect, ſhiv'ring at a breeze.
Lo, what huge heaps of littleneſs around!
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground.
Two *Cupids* ſquirt before: a Lake behind
Improves the keenneſs of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry ſide you look, behold the Wall!
No pleaſing Intricacies intervene,
No artful wildneſs to perplex the ſcene;
Grove nods at grove, each Alle has a brother,
And half the platform juſt reflects the other.
The ſuff'ring eye inverted Nature ſees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees,

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V. 109. The ſecond Error, *Diſproportion*, ſmall things joined to large ones.

V. 112. The *Ends* and *Bounds* being ſeen at once, which however large, will diminiſh both of the *Grandeur* and the *Surprize*.

V. 115. Too exact *Reſemblance* of Part to Part, and *Repetition* of the ſame Objects.

V. 117. Figures *Unnatural, ſtiff* and *formal*, or ſuch as *cannot be made perfect*.

With

With here a Fountain, never to be play'd,
And there a Summer-houſe, that knows no ſhade.
Here *Amphitrite* ſails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There *Gladiators* fight, or die in flow'rs;
Un-water'd ſee the drooping ſea-horſe mourn,
And ſwallows rooſt in *Nilus'* duſty Urn.
My Lord advances with majeſtic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleaſure, to be ſeen:
But ſoft —— by regular approach —— not yet ——
Firſt thro' the length of yon hot Terrace ſweat,
And when up ten ſteep ſlopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Juſt at his Study-door he'll bleſs your eyes.
His *Study?* with what Authors is it ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;

To

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V. 119, *&c.* Ornaments of building or ſculpture, either too *much multiplied*, or *ill placed*, or where *Nature* does not favour 'em. All the Examples are taken from ſome known Gardens.

V. 122. *The two Statues, of the* Gladiator pugnans, *and* Gladiator moriens.

V. 128. The *Approaches* and *Communications* of Houſe with Garden, or of one part with another, ill judged and inconvenient.

V. 131. *His Study? &c.*] The falſe Taſte in Books, a Satire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in Men of Fortune, than the ſtudy to underſtand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; ſome have carry'd it ſo far, as to cauſe the upper Shelves to be filled with painted books of

To all their *dated Racks* he turns you round,
Theſe *Aldus* printed, thoſe *Du Suëil* has bound.
Lo ſome are *Vellom*, and the reſt as good
For all his Lordſhip knows, but they are Wood.
For *Lock* or *Milton* 'tis in vain to look,
Theſe ſhelves admit not any modern book.
And now the Chappel's ſilver bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:
Light quirks of Muſick, broken and uneven,
Make the ſoul dance upon a Jig to Heaven.
On painted Cielings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſprawl the Saints of *Verrio*, or *Laguerre*,
On gilded clouds in fair expanſion lie,
And bring all Paradiſe before your eye.

---

wood: others pique themſelves ſo much upon books in a language they do not underſtand, as to exclude the moſt uſeful in one they do.

V. 140. The falſe Taſte in *Muſic*, improper to the ſubjects, as of light Airs in Churches, oftenpractiſed by the Organiſts, &c.

V. 143. —— And in *Painting* (from which even *Italy* is not free) of naked Figures in churches, &c. which has obliged ſome Popes to put Draperies on ſome of thoſe of the beſt Maſters.

V. 144. *Verrio* (*Antonio*) painted many Cielings, &c. at Windſor, Hampton Court, &c. and *Laguerre* at Blenheim-Caſtle, and other places.

To

To reſt, the Cuſhion and ſoft * *Dean* invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footſteps ſcrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd *Serpents* grace,
And gaping *Tritons* ſpew to waſh your face.
Is this a dinner? this a Genial room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb;
A ſolemn Sacrifice, perform'd in ſtate,
You drink by meaſure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying courſe, you'd ſwear
*Sancho*'s dread Doctor and his Wand were there.
Between each Act the trembling ſalvers ring,
From ſoup to ſweetwine, and *God bleſs the King*.

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V. 147. This is a Fact, a Reverend Dean of Peterborough preaching at Court, threatned the Sinner with puniſhment in "a place which he thought it not "decent to name in ſo polite an aſſembly."

V. 151. taxes the Incongruity of *Ornaments* (tho' ſometimes practiſed by the Ancients) where an open Mouth ejects the water into a Fountain, or where the ſhocking Images of Serpents, &c. are introduced in Grottos, or Buffets.

V. 153. *Is this a Dinner?* &c.] The proud Feſtivals of ſome Men are here ſet forth to ridicule, where the Pride deſtroys the Eaſe, and the formal Regularity all the pleaſurable enjoyment of the entertainment.

V. 158. Sancho's *dread Doctor.*] See Don Quixote, Vol. Book Chapt.

In plenty ſtarving, tantaliz'd in ſtate,
And complaiſantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, careſs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve;
I curſe ſuch laviſh coſt, and little skill,
And ſwear no Day was ever paſt ſo ill.

Yet hence the *Poor* are cloath'd, the *Hungry* fed;
Health to himſelf, and to his Infants bread
The Lab'rer bears: What his hard Heart denies,
His charitable Vanity ſupplies.
Another age ſhall ſee the golden Ear
Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
Deep harveſts bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing *Ceres* re-aſſume the land.
Who then ſhall grace, or who improve the Soil?
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.
'Tis *Uſe* alone that ſanctifies Expence,
And Splendor borrows all her rays from *Senſe*.
His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he encreaſe;
Whoſe chearful Tenants bleſs their yearly toil,
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the ſoil;

---

V. 167, &c. The *Moral* of the whole, where Providence is juſtified in giving Wealth to thoſe who ſquander it in this manner. A bad Taſte employs more hands, and diffuſes Expence, more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book I. Epiſt. II. V. 230---7, and in the Epiſtle preceding this, V. 161, &c.

Whoſe

Whoſe ample Lawns are not aſham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deſerving ſteed;
Whoſe riſing Foreſts, not for pride or ſhow,
But future Buildings, future Navies grow;
Let *His* plantations ſtretch from down to down,
Firſt ſhade a Country, and then raiſe a Town.
You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair,
*Jones* and *Palladio* to themſelves reſtore,
And be whate'er *Vitruvius* was before:
Till *Kings* call forth th' Idea's of your mind,
Proud to accompliſh what ſuch hands deſign'd,
Bid *Harbors* open, public *Ways* extend,
Bid *Temples*, worthier of the God, aſcend,

Bid

---

V. 193, 195, *&c. Till Kings.—Bid Harbors open*, &c.] The Poet after having touched upon the proper objects of Magnificence and Expence, in the private Works of Great Men, comes to thoſe great and publick Works which become a Prince. This Poem was publiſhed in the year 1732: when ſome of the new built Churches, by the Act of Q. Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land, and others vilely executed, thro' fraudulent cabals between Undertakers, Officers, *&c.* when Dagenham-Breach had done very great miſchiefs; when the Propoſal of building a Bridge at Weſtminſter had been petitioned againſt, and rejected; when many of the High-ways throughout England were hardly paſſable, and moſt of thoſe which were repaired by Turnpikes, made Jobbs for private Lucre, and infamouſly executed,

even

Bid the broad *Arch* the dang'rous Flood contain,
The *Mole* projected break the roaring Main;
Back to his bounds their ſubject *Sea* command,
And roll obedient *Rivers* thro' the Land:
Theſe Honours, Peace to happy *Britain* brings,
Theſe are *Imperial Works*, and worthy *Kings*.

---

even to the Entrances of London itſelf. There had, at this time, been an uninterrupted Peace in Europe for above twenty years.

# EPISTLES,

THE

THIRD BOOK.

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS.

# EPISTLE I.

## TO

## *ROBERT* Earl of *OXFORD*,

## AND

## Earl MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet ſung, *
'Till Death untimely ſtop'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh juſt beheld, and loſt! admir'd and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts adorn'd!
Bleſt in each ſcience, bleſt in ev'ry ſtrain!
Dear to the Muſe! to *Harley* dear —— in vain!
For him, thou oft haſt bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend;
For *Swift* and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;

* This Epiſtle was ſent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. *Parnelle*'s Poems publiſhed by our Author, after the ſaid Earl's Impriſonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the Country.

Dex-

Dextrous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,
And pleas'd eſcape from Flattery to Wit.
Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall thoſe nights that clos'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy *Parnell* in his living lays,
Who careleſs now of int'reſt, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
Or deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy *Fall*.
And ſure, if ought below the ſeats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:
A Soul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all Pain, all Paſſion, and all Pride,
The rage of Pow'r, the blaſt of publick breath,
The luſt of Lucre, and the dread of Death.
In vain to Deſarts thy retreat is made;
The *Muſe* attends thee to the ſilent ſhade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify diſgrace.
When Int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd deſert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the ſcaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt ling'ring friend has bid farewel.
Ev'n now, ſhe ſhades thy Ev'ning walk with bays,
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe)
Ev'n now, obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm ſun-ſet of thy various day,
Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

# EPISTLE II.

## TO

## JAMES CRAGGS, Eſq;

## SECRETARY of STATE.

A Soul as full of Worth, as void of Pride,
Which nothing ſeeks to ſhow, or needs to hide,
Which nor to Guilt, nor Fear, its Caution owes,
And boaſts a Warmth that from no Paſſion flows:
A Face untaught to feign; a judging Eye,
That darts ſevere upon a riſing Lye,
And ſtrikes a bluſh thro' frontleſs Flattery.
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
Then ſcorn to gain a Friend by ſervile ways,
Nor wiſh to loſe a Foe theſe Virtues raiſe:
But candid, free, ſincere, as you began,
Proceed — a Miniſter, but ſtill a Man;
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Aſham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me.
The Patriot's plain, but untrod path purſue;
If not, 'tis I muſt be aſham'd of You.

EPISTLE

# EPISTLE III.

## TO

## Mr. ADDISON.

SEE the wild Waſte of all devouring years! *
How *Rome* her own ſad *Sepulchre* appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples ſpread,
The very Tombs now vaniſh'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders, rais'd on Nations ſpoil'd,
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd;
Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
Now drain'd a diſtant country of her Floods;
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride ſurvey;
Statues of Men, ſcarce leſs alive than they;
Some felt the ſilent ſtroke of mould'ring age,
Some hoſtile fury, ſome religious rage;

---

* This was written in 1715, at which time Mr. *Addiſon* intended to publiſh his Book of Medals. It was ſome time before he was Secretary of State.

Bar-

Barbarian blindneſs, Chriſtian zeal conſpire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins ſav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preſerves a Name;
That Name, the learn'd with fierce diſputes purſue,
And give to *Titus* old *Veſpaſian*'s due.
*Ambition* ſigh'd: She found it vain to truſt
The faithleſs Column and the crumbling Buſt;
Huge Moles, whoſe ſhadow ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore,
Their ruins ruin'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, ſhe now contracts her vaſt deſign,
And all her Triumphs ſhrink into a *Coin:*
A narrow orb each crouded conqueſt keeps,
Beneath her Palm here ſad *Judæa* weeps,
Now ſcantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate *Nile* or *Rhine,*
A ſmall *Euphrates* thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.
The *Medal,* faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one ſhort view ſubjected to our eye
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With ſharpen'd ſight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inſcription value, but the ruſt adore;
This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,
The ſacred ruſt of twice ten hundred years!
To gain *Peſcennius* one employs his ſchemes,
One graſps a *Cecrops* in ecſtatic dreams;
Poor *Vadius,* long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his *Shield* was ſcour'd;

And *Curio*, reſtleſs by the Fair one's ſide,
Sighs for an *Otho*, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again *Rome*'s glories ſhine,
Her Gods, and god-like Heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.
Nor bluſh, theſe ſtudies thy regard engage;
Theſe pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage;
The verſe and ſculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.
Oh when ſhall *Britain*, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of *Greek* and *Roman* fame,
In living medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold?
Here, riſing bold, the *Patriot*'s honeſt face;
There *Warriors* frowning in hiſtoric braſs:
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee
How *Plato*'s, *Bacon*'s, *Newton*'s looks agree;
Or in fair ſeries laurell'd bards be ſhown,
A *Virgil* there, and here an *Addiſon*.
Then ſhall thy CRAGGS (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt ore, another *Pollio* ſhine;
With aſpect open, ſhall erect his head,
And round the orb in laſting notes be read,
" Stateſman, yet friend to Truth! of ſoul ſincere,
" In action faithful, and in honour clear;
" Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
" Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend,
" Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
" And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.

# EPISTLE IV.

## TO

## Mr. JERVAS,

## With *Dryden*'s Tranſlation of *Freſnoy*'s *Art* of *Painting*.

THIS Verſe be thine, my friend, nor thou refuſe
This, from no venal or ungrateful muſe.
Whether thy hand ſtrike out ſome free deſign,
Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd maſs,
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read theſe inſtructive leaves, in which conſpire
*Freſnoy*'s cloſe Art, and *Dryden*'s native Fire:
And reading wiſh, like theirs our fate and fame,
So mix'd our ſtudies, and ſo join'd our name;
Like them to ſhine thro' long ſucceeding age,
So juſt thy skill, ſo regular my rage.

Smit with the love of ſiſter-arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found our hearts unite,
And each from each contract new ſtrength and light.
How oft' in pleaſing tasks we wear the day,
While ſummer ſuns roll unperceiv'd away?
How oft' our ſlowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art?
How oft' review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and ſomething to commend?
What flatt'ring ſcenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
*Rome*'s pompous glories riſing to our thought!
Together o'er the *Alps* methinks we fly,
Fir'd with Ideas of fair *Italy*.
With thee, on *Raphael*'s Monument I mourn,
Or wait inſpiring Dreams at *Maro*'s Urn:
With thee repoſe, where *Tully* once was laid,
Or ſeek ſome ruin's formidable ſhade;
While fancy brings the vaniſh'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary *Rome* a-new.
Here thy well-ſtudy'd marbles fix our eye;
A fading *Freſco* here demands a ſigh:
Each heav'nly piece unweary'd we compare,
Match *Raphael*'s grace with thy lov'd *Guido*'s air,
*Carracci*'s ſtrength, *Corregio*'s ſofter line,
*Paulo*'s free ſtroke, and *Titian*'s warmth divine.
How finiſh'd with illuſtrious toil appears
This ſmall, well-poliſh'd Gem, the * work of years!

* Freſnoy *employed above twenty years in finiſhing this Poem.*

Yet

Yet ſtill how faint by precept is expreſt
The living image in the painter's breaſt?
Thence endleſs ſtreams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty waking all her forms, ſupplies
An Angel's ſweetneſs, or *Bridgewater*'s eyes.
Muſe! at that Name thy ſacred ſorrows ſhed,
Thoſe tears eternal, that embalm the dead:
Call round her Tomb each object of deſire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that chears or ſoftens life,
The tender ſiſter, daughter, friend and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!
Yet ſtill her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modeſt cheek ſhall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r that every ſeaſon fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thouſand years.
Thus *Churchill*'s race ſhall other hearts ſurprize,
And other Beauties envy *Worſley*'s eyes;
Each pleaſing *Blount* ſhall endleſs ſmiles beſtow,
And ſoft *Belinda*'s bluſh for ever glow.
Oh laſting as thoſe Colours may they ſhine,
Free as thy ſtroke, yet faultleſs as thy line!
New graces yearly like thy works diſplay,
Soft without weakneſs, without glaring gay;
Led by ſome rule, that guides, but not conſtrains;
And finiſh'd more thro' happineſs than pains!

The kindred Arts ſhall in their praiſe conſpire,
One dip the pencil, and one ſtring the lyre.
Yet ſhould the *Graces* all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet ſhould the *Muſes* bid my numbers roll,
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their ſoul;
With *Zeuxis'* *Helen* thy *Bridgewater* vie,
And theſe be ſung 'till *Granville's* *Myra* die:
Alas! how little from the grave we claim?
Thou but preſerv'ſt a Face, and I a Name.

---

EPISTLE

# EPISTLE V.

## TO

## Miſs BLOUNT,

## With the Works of *VOITURE.*

Written at 17 years old.

IN theſe gay thoughts the Loves and Graces ſhine;
And all the Writer lives in ev'ry line;
His eaſy Art may happy Nature ſeem,
Trifles themſelves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with eſteem no leſs convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his miſtreſs and his friend did ſhare;
His time, the Muſe, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wiſely careleſs, innocently gay,
Chearful he play'd the trifle, Life, away.

'Till fate ſcarce felt his gentle breath ſuppreſt,
As ſmiling Infants ſport themſelves to reſt.
Ev'n rival Wits did *Voiture*'s death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The trueſt hearts for *Voiture* heav'd with ſighs,
*Voiture* was wept by all the brighteſt Eyes;
The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in *Voiture*'s death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.
Let the ſtrict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and ſerious Comedy,
In every ſcene ſome Moral let it teach,
And, if it can at once both pleaſe and preach.
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting ſtill than regular,
Have Humour, Wit, a native Eaſe and Grace,
Tho' not too ſtrictly bound to Time and Place:
Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to pleaſe,
Few write to thoſe, and none can live to theſe.
Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but moſt to Womankind;
Cuſtom, grown blind with Age, muſt be your guide;
Your pleaſure is a Vice, but not your pride;
By Nature yielding, ſtubborn but for fame;
Made Slaves by honour, and made Fools by ſhame.
Marriage may all thoſe petty Tyrants chaſe,
But ſet up one, a greater in their place;
Well might you wiſh for change, by thoſe accurſt,
But the laſt Tyrant ever proves the worſt.
Still in Conſtraint your ſuff'ring Sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real Chains:

Whole

Whole Years neglected, for ſome Months ador'd,
The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
Ah quit not the free innocence of Life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife!
Nor let falſe Shews, or empty Titles pleaſe:
Aim not at Joy, but reſt content with Eaſe.
The Gods, to curſe *Pamela* with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt Coach and dappled *Flanders* Mares,
The ſhining Robes, rich Jewels, beds of State,
And, to compleat her bliſs, a Fool for Mate.
She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!
Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward part,
She ſighs, and is no Ducheſs at her Heart.
But, Madam, if the fates withſtand, and you
Are deſtin'd *Hymen*'s willing Victim too;
Truſt not too much your now reſiſtleſs Charms,
Thoſe, Age or Sickneſs, ſoon or late, diſarms;
Good humour only teaches Charms to laſt,
Still makes new conqueſts, and maintains the paſt;
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,
Our Hearts may bear its ſlender Chain aday;
As flow'ry Bands in wantonneſs are worn,
A Morning's pleaſure, and at ev'ning torn:
This binds in ties more eaſy, yet more ſtrong,
The willing Heart, and only holds it long.
Thus * *Voiture*'s early care ſtill ſhone the ſame,
And *Monthanſier* was only chang'd in name;

---

* *Madamoiſelle* Paulet.

By

By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their Wit ſtill ſparkling, and their Flames ſtill warm.
Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' *Elyſian* coaſt,
Amid thoſe lovers, joys his gentle Ghoſt:
Pleas'd, while with ſmiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer *Ramboüillet* in you.
The brighteſt eyes of *France* inſpir'd his muſe;
The brighteſt eyes of *Britain* now peruſe;
And dead, as living, 'tis our Author's pride
Still to charm thoſe who charm the World beſide.

---

EPISTLE

# EPISTLE VI.

## To the ſame, on her leaving the Town, after the CORONATION.

AS ſome fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholeſome country air,
Juſt when ſhe learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a ſpark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling ſhe muſt ſever,
Yet takes one kiſs before ſhe parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair *Zephalinda* flew,
Saw others happy, and with ſighs withdrew;
Not that their pleaſures caus'd her diſcontent,
She ſigh'd not that they *ſtay'd*, but that ſhe *went*.
She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-faſhion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from Op'ra, Park, Aſſembly, Play,
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muſe, and ſpill her ſolitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the ſpoon,
Count the ſlow clock, and dine exact at noon;

Diver

Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell ſtories to the ſquire;
Up to her godly garret after ſev'n,
There ſtarve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.
Some Squires, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whoſe game is Whiſk, whoſe treat a toaſt in ſack;
Who viſits with a Gun, preſents you birds,
Then gives a ſmacking buſs, and cries,—No words!
Or with his hound comes hallowing from the ſtable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whoſe laughs are hearty, tho' his jeſts are coarſe,
And loves you beſt of all things — but his horſe.
In ſome fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of Triumphs in the rural ſhade;
In penſive thought recall the fancy'd ſcene,
See Coronations riſe on ev'ry green;
Before you paſs th' imaginary ſights
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd knights:
While the ſpread fan o'erſhades your cloſing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the viſion flies.
Thus vaniſh ſcepters, coronets and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!
So when your Slave, at ſome, dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the ſtreets, abſtracted from the crew,
And while he ſeems to ſtudy, thinks of you:
Juſt when his fancy points your ſprightly eyes,
Or ſees the bluſh of ſoft *Parthenia* riſe,

G—y

G—y pats my ſhoulder, and you vaniſh quite;
Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs, ruſh upon my ſight:
Vext to be ſtill in town, I knit my brow,
Look ſour, and hum a ſong——as you may now.

---

EPISTLE

# EPISTLE VII.

## TO

## Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

SHUT, ſhut the door, good *John!* fatigu'd I ſaid,
Tye up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead.
The Dog-ſtar rages! nay 'tis paſt a doubt,
All *Bedlam*, or *Parnaſſus*, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and Papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what ſhades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,

---

This Epiſtle contains an Apology for the Author and his Writings. It was drawn up at ſeveral times, as the ſeveral occaſions offer'd. He had no thought of publiſhing it, till it pleas'd ſome Perſons of Rank and Fortune to attack in a very extraordinary manner, not only his *Writings*, but his *Morals*, *Perſon*, and *Family:* of which he therefore thought himſelf obliged to give ſome account.

By

By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They ſtop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is ſacred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n *Sunday* ſhines no *Sabbath-day* to me:
Then from the *Mint* walks forth the Man of ryme,
Happy! to catch me, juſt at Dinner-time.
Is there a Parſon, much be-mus'd in beer,
A maudlin poeteſs, a ryming peer,
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,
Who pens a Stanza when he ſhould *engroſs?*
Is there, who lock'd from ink and paper, ſcrawls
With deſp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to *Twit'nam*, and in humble ſtrain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
*Arthur*, whoſe giddy ſon neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cauſe:
Poor *Cornus* ſees his frantic wife elope,
And curſes Wit, and Poetry, and *Pope*.
Friend to my Life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle ſong)
What *Drop* or *Noſtrum* can this plague remove?
Or which muſt end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm ſped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead,
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I,
Who can't be ſilent, and who will not lye;
To laugh, were want of goodneſs and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.

I ſit

I ſit with ſad civility, I read
With honeſt anguiſh, and an aching head;
And drop at laſt, but in unwilling ears,
This ſaving counſel, "Keep your piece nine years."
Nine years! cries he, who high in *Drury-lane*
Lull'd by ſoft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rymes e're he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and requeſt of friends:
"The piece you think is incorrect? why take it,
"I'm all ſubmiſſion, what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modeſt wiſhes bound,
My Friendſhip, and a Prologue, and ten pound.
* *Pitholeon* ſends to me: "You know his Grace,
"I want a Patron; ask him for a Place."
*Pitholeon* libell'd me —— "but here's a letter
"Informs you Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
"Dare you refuſe him? *Curl* invites to dine,
"He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn *Divine*."
Bleſs me! a packet.—— "'Tis a ſtranger ſues,
"A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muſe."
If I diſlike it, "Furies, death and rage!
If I approve, "commend it to the Stage."
There (thank my ſtars) my whole commiſſion ends,
The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the houſe reject him, "'Sdeath I'll print it
"And ſhame the fools—your int'reſt, Sir, with *Lintot*."

---

* The name taken from a fooliſh Poet at *Rhodes*, who pretended much to *Greek*. Schol. in Horat. lib. 1.

*Lintot*,

*Lintot*, dull rogue! will think your price too much.
" Not Sir, if you reviſe it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks,
At laſt he whiſpers " do, and we go ſnacks.
Glad of a quarrel, ſtrait I clap the door,
Sir, let me ſee your works and you no more.
'Tis ſung, when *Midas'* Ears began to ſpring,
(*Midas*, a ſacred perſon and a King)
His very Miniſter who ſpy'd them firſt,
(Some ſay his * Queen) was forc'd to ſpeak, or burſt.
And is not mine, my friend, a ſorer caſe,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
" Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things,
" I'd never name Queens, Miniſters, or Kings;
" Keep cloſe to ears, and thoſe let aſſes prick,
" Tis nothing"—Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, *Dunciad!* let the ſecret paſs,
That ſecret to each fool, that he's an aſs:
The truth once told, (and wherefore ſhould we lie?)
The Queen of *Midas* ſlept, and ſo may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature ſmarts ſo little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, *Codrus!* round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canſt hear the mighty crack:

---

* The ſtory is told by ſome of his Barber, but by *Chaucer* of his Queen. See Wife of Bath's Tale in *Dryden*'s Fables.

Pit, box and gall'ry, in convulſions hurl'd,
Thou ſtand'ſt unſhook amidſt a burſting world.
Who ſhames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',
He ſpins the ſlight, ſelf-pleaſing thread anew;
Deſtroy his fib or ſophiſtry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again;
Thron'd in the centre of his thin deſigns;
Proud of a vaſt extent of flimzy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Loſt the arch'd eye-brow, or *Parnaſſian* ſneer?
And has not *Colly* ſtill his lord, and whore?
His butchers *Henley*, his free-maſons *Moor?*
Does not one table *Bavius* ſtill admit?
Still to one Biſhop *Philips* ſeem a wit:
Still *Sapho*—"Hold! for God-ſake—you'll offend,
"No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
"I too could write, and I am twice as tall,
"But foes like theſe!—One Flatt'rer's worſe than all;
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the ſlaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent;
Alas! 'tis ten times worſe when they *repent*.
One dedicates, in high heroic proſe,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes;
One from all *Grub-ſtreet* will my fame defend,
And, more abuſive, calls himſelf my friend.

---

V. 88. —Alluding to Horace,
—*Si fractus illabatur* Orbis
*Impavidum ferient ruinæ.*

This

This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe.
There are, who to my person pay their court,
I cough like *Horace*, and tho' lean, am short,
*Ammon*'s great son one shoulder had too high,
Such *Ovid*'s nose, and "Sir! you have an *Eye*——
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me:
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal *Maro* held his head:
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great *Homer* dy'd three thousand years ago.
Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipt me in Ink, my parent's, or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd.
The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife,
To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,
To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,
And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear.
But why then publish? *Granville* the polite,
And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
The courtly *Talbot*, * *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,
Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head,

* All these were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. *Dryden*, tho' a scandalous libel against him, entituled, *Dryden's*

And *St. John*'s ſelf (great *Dryden*'s friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
Happy my ſtudies, when by theſe approv'd!
Happier their author, when by theſe belov'd!
From theſe the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the ‡ *Burnets, Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*.
Soft were my numbers, who could take offence
While pure Deſcription held the place of ſenſe?
Like gentle *Fanny*'s was my flow'ry theme,
A painted miſtreſs, or a purling ſtream.
Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
I wiſh'd the man a dinner, and ſate ſtill.
Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never anſwer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madneſs made them print,
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

---

*Satyr to his Muſe*, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

Theſe are the perſons to whoſe account the Author charges the publication of his firſt pieces: Perſons with whom he was converſant (and he adds belov'd) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for ſuch acquaintance! The catalogue might be made yet more illuſtrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Paſtorals* and *Windſor Foreſt*, on which he paſſes a ſort of Cenſure in the lines following,

*While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe*, &c.

‡ Authors of ſecret and ſcandalous Hiſtory.

Did

Did ſome more ſober Critic come abroad?
If wrong, I ſmil'd; if right, I kiſs'd the rod.
Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence,
And all they want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.
Comma's and points they ſet exactly right,
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'r one ſprig of laurel grac'd theſe ribalds,
From ſlaſhing *Bentley* down to pidling *Tibalds*.
Each Wight, who reads not, and but ſcans and ſpells,
Each Word-catcher that lives on ſyllables,
Ev'n ſuch ſmall critics ſome regard may claim,
Preſerv'd in *Milton*'s or in *Shakeſpear*'s name.
Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there?
Were others angry? I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find,
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That caſting-weight pride adds to emptineſs,
This, who can gratify? for who can *gueſs?*
The bard whom pilf'red Paſtorals renown,
Who turns a Perſian tale for half a crown,
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year:
He, who ſtill wanting tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:

And he, whoſe fuſtian's ſo ſublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but Proſe run mad:
All theſe my modeſt Satire bade tranſlate,
And own'd, that nine ſuch Poets made a *Tate*.
How did they fume, and ſtamp, and roar, and chafe?
And ſwear, not *Addiſon* himſelf was ſafe.

Peace to all ſuch! but were there One whoſe fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inſpires,
Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:
Shou'd ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A timrous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
While Wits and Templers ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe.
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if *Atticus* were he!

What tho' my Name ſtood rubric on the walls?
Or plaiſter'd poſts, with claps in capitals?

Or

Or ſmoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I ſought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like *Aſian* Monarchs, from their ſight;
Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd ſo long)
No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day ſong.
I ne'r with wits or witlings paſt my days,
To ſpread about the itch of verſe and praiſe;
Nor like a puppy dagled through the town,
To fetch and carry ſing-ſong up and down;
Nor at Rehearſals ſweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my ſide;
But ſick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Bufo* left the whole *Caſtalian* ſtate.
Proud, as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown *Bufo*, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with ſoft Dedication all day long,
*Horace* and he went hand in hand in ſong.
His Library, (where buſts of Poets dead
And a true *Pindar* ſtood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undiſtinguiſh'd race,
Who firſt his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his ſeat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and ſome days eat:

---

V. 236. — *a true* Pindar *ſtood without a head.*] ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headleſs *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide *Fulv. Urſin*, &c.

Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He pay'd ſome Bards with port, and ſome with praiſe,
To ſome a dry rehearſal was aſſign'd,
And others (harder ſtill) he pay'd in kind.
*Dryden* alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
*Dryden* alone eſcap'd this judging eye:
But ſtill the great have kindneſs in reſerve,
He help'd to bury him he help'd to ſtarve.
May ſome choice Patron bleſs each gray gooſe quill!
May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* ſtill!
So, when a Stateſman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with ſenſe,
Or ſimple Pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whiſtled off my hands!
Bleſt be the *Great!* for thoſe they take away,
And thoſe they left me! For they left me GAY;
Left me to ſee neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die! and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameleſs life the ſole return
My verſe! and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh let me live my own! and die ſo too!
("To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poet's dignity and eaſe,
And ſee what friends, and read what books I pleaſe.

---

V. 248.—*help'd to bury.*] Mr. Dryden, after having liv'd in exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral beſtow'd upon him by the contribution of ſeveral Perſons of Quality.

Above

Above a Patron, tho' I condeſcend
Sometimes to call a Miniſter my friend.
I was not born for Courts or great affairs,
I pay my debts, believe, and ſay my pray'rs,
Can ſleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead.
Why am I ask'd what next ſhall ſee the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no joys for me? or, to be grave,
Have I no friend to ſerve, no ſoul to ſave?
"I found him cloſe with *Swift* — Indeed? no doubt
"(Cries prating *Balbus*) ſomething will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will:
"No, ſuch a Genius never can lie ſtill,"
And then for mine obligingly miſtakes
The firſt Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes.
Poor guiltleſs I! and can I chuſe but ſmile,
When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style?*
Curſt be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue ſcandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the ſoft-ey'd Virgin ſteal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmleſs neighbour's peace,
Inſults fal'n worth, or beauty in diſtreſs,
Who loves a lye, lame ſlander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:
That fop, whoſe pride affects a patron's name,
Yet abſent, wounds an author's honeſt fame;
Who can *your* merit *ſelfiſhly* approve,
And ſhow the *ſenſe* of it without the *love*;

Who

Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour injur'd to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you ſay,
And, if he lye not, muſt at leaſt betray:
Who to the *Dean* and *ſilver bell* can ſwear,
And ſees at *Cannons* what was never there;
Who reads but with a luſt to miſapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lye.
A Laſh like mine no honeſt man ſhall dread,
But all ſuch babling blockheads in his ſtead.
Let *Sporus* tremble——"What? that thing of ſilk,
"*Sporus*, that mere white curd of Aſs's milk?
"Satire or ſenſe alas! can *Sporus* feel?
"Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?"
Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that ſtinks and ſtings,
Whoſe buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er taſtes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred ſpaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal ſmiles his emptineſs betray,
As ſhallow ſtreams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he ſpeaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet ſqueaks,
Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,
Half froth, half venom, ſpits himſelf abroad,

---

V. 299. See the Epiſtle to the Earl of *Burlington*.

In

In puns, or politicks, or tales, or lyes,
Or ſpite, or ſmut, or rymes, or blaſphemies.
His wit all ſee-ſaw between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now maſter up, now miſs,
And he himſelf one vile Antitheſis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a Lady, and now ſtruts a Lord.
*Eve*'s tempter thus the Rabbins have expreſt,
A Cherub's face, a Reptile all the reſt,
Beauty that ſhocks you, Parts that none will truſt,
Wit that can creep, and Pride that licks the duſt.
Not Fortune's worſhipper, nor Faſhion's fool,
Nor Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool:
Not proud, nor ſervile, be one Poet's praiſe,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways,
That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a ſhame,
And thought a Lye in verſe or proſe the ſame.
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But ſtoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his ſong.
That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He ſtood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loſs of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The diſtant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never ſhed;

The

The tale reviv'd, the lye ſo oft o'erthrown,
Th'imputed traſh, the dulneſs not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings ſcape,
The libel'd perſon, and the pictur'd ſhape;
Abuſe on all he lov'd, or lov'd him ſpread,
A friend in exile, or a father, dead;
The Whiſper, that to greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOVEREIGN's ear——
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the paſt:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *laſt!*
"But why inſult the poor, affront the great?"
A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry ſtate:
Alike my ſcorn, if he ſucceed or fail,
*Sporus* at court, or *Japhet* in a jayl,
A hireling ſcribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the poſt corrupt, or of the ſhire,
If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or loſe his own.
Yet ſoft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
*Sapho* can tell you how this man was bit:

---

VER. 351. *Th' imputed Traſh.*] Such as profane *Pſalms*, *Court-Poems*, and other ſcandalous things, printed in his Name by *Curl* and others.

VER. 354. *Abuſe on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread.*] Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Ld. Bathurſt, Ld. Bolingbroke, Biſhop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurſe, aſperſed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Ducket, L. Welſted, Tho. Bentley, and other obſcure perſons.

This

This dreaded Sat'rift *Dennis* will confeſs
Foe to his pride, but friend to his diſtreſs:
So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald*'s door,
Has drank with *Cibber*, nay has rym'd for *Moor*:
Full ten years ſlander'd, did he once reply?
Three thouſand ſuns went down on *Welſted*'s lye:
To pleaſe a miſtreſs, one aſpers'd his life;
He laſh'd him not, but let her be his wife.
Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubſtreet* on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will;

---

VER. 374. *Ten Years.*] It was ſo long before the Author of the Dunciad publiſhed that poem, till when, he never writ a word in anſwer to the many ſcurrilities and falſehoods concerning him.

VER. 375. *Welſted's Lye.*] This man had the Impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occaſion'd a *Lady's death*, and to name a perſon he never heard of. He alſo publiſh'd that he libel'd the Duke of *Chandos*; with whom (it was added) that he had liv'd in familiarity, and receiv'd from him a preſent of *five hundred Pounds*: the Falſehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never receiv'd any Preſent, farther than the Subſcription for Homer, from him, or from *Any Great Man* whatſoever.

*Budgel* in a weekly pamphlet call'd the *Bee*, beſtow'd much abuſe on him, in the imagination that he writ ſome things about the *Laſt Will* of Dr. *Tindal*, in the *Grubſtreet Journal*; a Paper wherein he never had the leaſt hand, direction, or ſuperviſal, nor the leaſt knowledge of its Authors.

Let

Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court, abuſe
His father, mother, body, ſoul, and muſe.
Yet why? that Father held it for a rule
It was a ſin to call our neighbour fool;

That

---

VER. 381. *His Father, Mother,* &c.] In ſome of Curl's and other Pamphlets, Mr. Pope's Father was ſaid to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But what is ſtranger, a *Nobleman* (if ſuch a Reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropt an alluſion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity:* And the following line.

*Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obſcure,*

had fallen from a like *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace.* Mr. Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordſhire, the Head of which was the *Earl* of *Downe*, whoſe ſole Heireſs married the *Earl* of *Lindſey*. — His Mother was the Daughter of *William Turnor*, Eſq; of York: She had three Brothers, one of whom was kill'd, another died in the ſervice of King Charles; the eldeſt following his fortunes, and becoming a General Officer in Spain, left her what eſtate remain'd after the Sequeſtrations and forfeitures of her Family.—— Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; She in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finiſhed. The following Inſcription was placed by their Son on their Monument in the Pariſh of Twickenham, in Middleſex.

D. O. M.

That harmleſs Mother thought no wife a whore,
Hear this, and ſpare his family, *James M**
Unſpotted names! and memorable long,
If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.
Of gentle blood (part ſhed in Honour's cauſe,
While yet in *Britain* Honour had applauſe)
Each parent ſprung—"What fortune, pray?—their own,
And better got than *Beſtia*'s from the throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Diſcord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age:
No Courts he ſaw, no ſuits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye:
Un-learn'd, he knew no ſchoolman's ſubtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By Nature honeſt, by Experience wiſe,
Healthy by temp'rance and by exerciſe,

---

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO POPE, VIRO INNOCUO, PROBO, PIO,
QUI VIXIT ANNOS LXXV, OB. MDCCXVII.
ET EDITHAE CONJUGI INCULPABILI,
PIENTISSIMAE, QUAE VIXIT ANNOS
XCIII, OB. MDCCXXXIII.
PARENTIBUS BENEMERENTIBUS FILIUS FECIT,
ET SIBI.

His

His life, tho' long, to ſickneſs paſt unknown,
His death was inſtant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who ſprung from Kings ſhall know leſs joy than I.
O Friend! may each domeſtick bliſs be thine!
Be no unpleaſing melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of repoſing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky!
On cares like theſe if length of days attend,
May heav'n, to bleſs thoſe days, preſerve my friend,
Preſerve him ſocial, chearful, and ſerene,
And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a QUEEN.
Whether that bleſſing be deny'd, or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the reſt belongs to Heav'n.

---

SATIRES

# SATIRES

OF

# *HORACE*

IMITATED,

With SATIRES of Dr. *DONNE*,

Verſify'd by the ſame hand.

## *ADVERTISEMENT.*

THE *Occaſion of publiſhing theſe* Imitations *was the Clamour raiſed on ſome of my* Epiſtles. *An Anſwer from* Horace *was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own perſon; and the Example of ſo much greater Freedom in ſo eminent a Divine as Dr.* Donne, *ſeem'd a proof with what indignation and contempt a Chriſtian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever ſo low, or ever ſo high, a Station. Both theſe Authors were acceptable to the* Princes *and* Miniſters *under whom they lived: The Satires of Dr.* Donne *I verſify'd at the deſire of the Earl of* Oxford *while he was Lord Treaſurer, and of the Duke of* Shrewsbury *who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom look'd upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on thoſe they ſerv'd in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are ſo apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reaſon to incourage, the miſtaking a* Satyriſt *for a* Libeller; *whereas to a* true Satyriſt *nothing is ſo odious as a* Libeller, *for the ſame reaſon as to a man* truly virtuous *nothing is ſo hateful as a* Hypocrite.

# SATIRE I.

*P.* THERE are (I ſcarce can think it, but am told)
1 There are to whom my Satire ſeems too bold,
Scarce to wiſe *Peter* complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of *Chartres* much too rough.
2 The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to ſay,
Lord *Fanny* ſpins a thouſand ſuch a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
3 I come to Council learned in the Law.
You'll give me, like a friend both ſage and free,
Advice; and (as you uſe) without a Fee.
*F.* 4 I'd write no more.
*P.* Not write? but then I think,
5 And for my ſoul I cannot ſleep a wink.

---

Horatius. Trebatius.

HOR. 1 *Sunt quibus in Satyra videar nimis acer, & ultra*
*Legem tendere opus;* 2 *ſine nervis altera quidquid*
*Compoſui pars eſſe putat, ſimileſque meorum*
*Mille die verſus* deduci *poſſe,* 3 *Trebati!*
*Quid faciam?* præſcribe.
TREB. 4 *Quieſcas.* HOR. *Ne faciam inquis,*
*Omnino verſus?* TREB. *Aio.*
HOR. *Peream male, ſi non*
*Optimum erat:* 5 *verum nequeo dormire.*

I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools ruſh into my head, and ſo I write.
*F.* You could not do a worſe thing for your life.
Why, if the nights ſeem tedious——take a Wife:
[6] Or rather truly, if your point be reſt,
Lettuce and cowſlip wine: *Probatum eſt.*
But talk with *Celſus*, *Celſus* will adviſe
Hartſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your eyes.
[7] Or, if you needs muſt write, write CAESAR's Praiſe:
[8] You'll gain at leaſt a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.
*P.* What? like Sir [9] *Richard*, rumbling, rough and fierce,
With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd the verſe,
Rend with tremendous ſound our ears aſunder,
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuſs, and Thunder?
Or nobly wild, with *Budgell*'s fire and force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horſe?

---

TREB. [6] *Ter uncti*
*Tranſnanto Tiberim, ſomno quibus eſt opus alto,*
*Irriguumve mero ſub noctem corpus habento.*
[7] *Aut, ſi tantus amor ſcribendi te rapit, aude*
CAESARIS *invicti res dicere,* [8] *multa laborum*
Præmia *laturus.*
HOR. *Cupidum, pater optime! vires*
*Deficiunt:* [9] *neque enim quivis* horrentia pilis
Agmina, *nec* fracta pereuntes cuſpide Gallos,
*Aut* labentis equo *deſcribat vulnera* Parthi.

*F.* Then

*F.* [10] Then all your Muſe's ſofter art diſplay,
Let CAROLINA ſmooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the nine,
And ſweetly flow through all the Royal Line.

*P.* [11] Alas! few verſes touch their nicer ear;
They ſcarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year:
And juſtly CAESAR ſcorns the Poet's lays,
It is to *Hiſtory* he truſts for Praiſe.

*F.* [12] Better be *Cibber*, I'll maintain it ſtill,
Than ridicule all Taſte, blaſpheme Quadrille,
Abuſe the City's beſt good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their truſt in *Peter*.
[13] Ev'n thoſe you touch not, hate you.

*P.* What ſhould ail 'em?

*F.* A hundred ſmart in *Timon* and in *Balaam*:
The fewer ſtill you name, you wound the more;
*Bond* is but one, but *Harpax* is a ſcore.

---

TREB. [10] *Attamen & juſtum poteras & ſcribere fortem,*
*Scipiadam ut ſapiens Lucilius.*

HOR. *Haud mihi deero,*
*Cum res ipſa feret.* [11] *niſi* dextro tempore *Flacci*
*Verba per attentam non ibunt* Cæſaris *aurem*;
*Cui male ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.*

TREB. [12] *Quanto rectius hoc, quam triſti lædere verſu*
*Pantolabum ſcurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?*
[13] *Cum ſibi quiſque timet, quanquam eſt* intactus, *& odit.*

*P.* 14 Each mortal has his pleaſure: none deny
*Sc*le* his bottle, *D*ty* his Ham-pye;
*Ridotta* ſips and dances, till ſhe ſee
The doubling Luſtres dance as well as ſhe;
15 *F*——loves the Senate, *Hockle-hole* his brother,
Like in all elſe, as one Egg to another.
16 I love to pour out all my ſelf, as plain
As downright *Shippen*, or as old *Montagne*.
In them, as certain to be lov'd as ſeen,
The Soul ſtood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what ſpots (for ſpots I have) appear,
Will prove at leaſt the Medium muſt be clear.
In this impartial glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my friends;
Publiſh the preſent age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reſerve it for the next:
My foes ſhall wiſh my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the leſs lament my fate.

---

HOR. 14 *Quid faciam? ſaltat Milonius, ut ſemel icto*
*Acceſſit fervor capiti, numeruſque lucernis:*
15 *Caſtor gaudet equis*; ovo prognatus eodem
*Pugnis: quot capitum vivunt, totidem ſtudiorum*
*Millia:* 16 *me pedibus delectat claudere verba,*
*Lucili ritu, noſtrum melioris utroque.*
*Ille, velut fidis arcana ſodalibus, olim*
*Credebat libris; neque ſi male geſſerat, uſquam*
*Decurrens alio, neque ſi bene: quo fit ut omnis*
*Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabella*

My

My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
[17] Verſe-man or Proſe-man, term me which you will,
Papiſt or Proteſtant, or both between,
Like good *Eraſmus* in an honeſt Mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
[18] Satire's my weapon, but I'm too diſcreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet;
[19] I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
[20] Save but our *Army!* and let Jove incruſt
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlaſting ruſt!
[21] Peace is my dear delight——not *Fleury*'s more:
But touch me, and no Miniſter ſo ſore.
Whoe'r offends, at ſome unlucky time
[22] Slides into verſe, and hitches in a rhyme,

---

*Vita ſenis. Sequor hunc,* [17] *Lucanus an Appulus anceps:*
*[Nam Venuſinus arat finem ſub utrumque colonus,*
*Miſſus ad hoc, pulſis (vetus eſt ut fama) Sabellis;*
*Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hoſtis,*
*Sive quod Appula gens, ſeu quod Lucania, bellum*
*Incuteret violenta.]* [18] *Sed hic ſtylus haud petet ultro*
*Quenquam animantem; & me veluti cuſtodiet enſis*
*Vagina tectus, quem cur diſtringere coner,*
[19] *Tutus ab infeſtis latronibus?* [20] *O Pater & Rex*
*Jupiter! ut pereat poſitum rubigine telum,*
*Nec quiſquam noceat* [21] *cupido mihi pacis! at ille,*
*Qui me commorit (melius non tangere clamo)*
[22] *Flebit, & inſignis tota cantabitur urbe.*

Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
And the ſad burthen of ſome merry ſong.
23 Slander or Poyſon dread from *Delia*'s rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be *
From furious *Sappho* ſcarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
24 Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels,
Bulls aim their horns, and Aſſes lift their heels,
'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick but hug,
And no man wonders he's not ſtung by Pug:
25 So drink with *Waters*, or with *Chartres* eat,
The'll never poyſon you, they'll only cheat.
26 Then learned Sir! (to cut the matter ſhort)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether old age with faint, but chearful ray,
Attends to gild the Evening of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be diſplay'd
To wrap me in the Univerſal ſhade;

---

23 *Cervius iratus leges minitatur & urnam;*
*Canidia Albuti, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;*
*Grande malum Turius, ſi quid ſe judice certes:*
24 *Ut, quo quiſque valet, ſuſpectus terreat, utque*
*Imperet hoc Natura potens, ſic collige mecum.*
*Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, niſi intus*
*Monſtratum?* 25 *Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti*
*Matrem: nil faciet ſceleris pia dextra (mirum?*
*Ut neque calce lupus quenquam, neque dente petit bos)*
*Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.*
26 *Ne longum faciam; ſeu me tranquilla ſenectus*
*Expectat, ſeu mors atris circumvolat alis;*

Whether

Whether the darken'd room to muſe invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write;
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
[27]Like *Lee* or *Budgell*, I will rhyme and print.
*F.* [28]Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flow'r of age you periſh for a ſong!
Plums and Directors, *Shylock* and his Wife,
Will club their Teſters, now, to take your life!
*P.* [29]What? arm'd for *Virtue* when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of ſhameleſs, guilty men,
Daſh the proud Gameſter in his gilded Car,
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a *Star*;
Can there be wanting, to defend Her cauſe,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could penſion'd *Boileau* laſh in honeſt ſtrain
Flatt'rers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could Laureate *Dryden* Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither *Charles* nor *James* be in a rage?
And I not [30]ſtrip the gilding off a Knave,
Un-plac'd, unpenſion'd, no man's heir, or ſlave?

---

*Dives, inops, Romæ, ſeu ſors ita juſſerit, exul,*
[27] *Quiſquis erit vitæ, ſcribam, color.*
TREB. [28] *O puer, ut ſis*
*Vitalis metuo; & Majorum ne quis amicus*
*Frigore te feriat.*
HOR. [29] *Quid? cum eſt Lucilius auſus*
*Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,*
[30] Detrahere & pellem, nitidus *qua quiſque per ora*
*'Cederet,* introrſum turpis; *num Lælius, & qui*
*Duxit ab oppreſſa meritum Carthagine nomen,*

I will,

I will, or periſh in the gen'rous cauſe:
Here this and tremble! you, who 'ſcape the laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk in peace, and credit, to his grave.
[31] To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS, A FRIEND,
The World beſide may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the diſtant din that world can keep
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but ſooths my ſleep.
[32] There, my retreat the beſt companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and Stateſmen out of place.
There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl,
The Feaſt of Reaſon and the Flow of ſoul:
And * HE, whoſe lightning pierc'd th'Iberian Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the Genius of the ſtubborn plain,
Almoſt as quickly, as he conquer'd *Spain*.

---

*Ingenio offenſi? aut læſo doluere Metello,*
*Famoſiſque Lupo cooperto verſibus? Atqui*
Primores *populi arripuit*, populumque *tributim*;
*Scilicet* [31] UNI AEQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS AMICIS.
[32] *Quin ubi ſe a* vulgo & ſcæna, *in* ſecreta *remorant*
Virtus Scipiadæ, & *mitis* Sapientia Læli,
*Nugari cum illo, & diſcincti ludere, donec*
*Decoqueretur olus, ſoliti.*

* *Charles Mordaunt* Earl of Peterborough, who in the year 1705 took *Barcelona*, and in the winter following with only 280 horſe and 900 foot enterprized and accompliſh'd the Conqueſt of *Valentia*.

[34] *Envy*

34 *Envy* muſt own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of pleaſure, and no Spy of ſtate,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to ſpread friendſhips, but to cover heats,
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scriblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me.
This is my plea, on this I reſt my cauſe——
35 What ſaith my Council learned in the laws?
*F.* 36 Your Plea is good; but ſtill I ſay, beware!
Laws are explain'd by Men—— ſo have a care.
It ſtands on record, that in *Richard*'s times
A man was hang'd for very honeſt rhymes.
37 Conſult the Statute: *Quart.* I think it is,
*Edwardi ſext.* or *prim. & quint. Eliz.*

---

——*Quicquid ſum ego, quamvis*
*Infra Lucili cenſum, ingeniumque, tamen me*
34 *Cum* magnis vixiſſe *invita fatebitur uſque*
*Invidia, & fragili quærens illidere dentem,*
Offendet ſolido;——
35 —*Niſi quid tu,* docte Trebati,
*Diſſentis.*
TREB. 36 *Equidem nihil hinc diffindere poſſum.*
*Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti*
*Incutiat tibi quid ſanctarum inſcitia legum.*
37 "Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus eſt
"Judiciumque."

See *Libels*, *Satires*——there you have it——read.
*P.* [38] *Libels* and *Satires!* lawleſs things indeed!
But grave *Epiſtles*, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Biſhop write,
Such as Sir *Robert* would approve——
*F.* Indeed?
The Caſe is alter'd— you may then proceed:
[39] In ſuch a cauſe the Plaintiff will be hiſs'd,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.

---

HOR. *Eſto, ſiquis* [38] mala; *ſed* bona *ſiquis*
*Judice condiderit laudatur* CAESARE: *ſiquis*
*Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipſe,*
[39] *Solventur riſu tabulæ; tu miſſus abibis.*

SATIRE

# SATIRE II.

[1] WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a chearful heart,
[2] (A doctrine ſage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk [3] before we dine:
[5] Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from ſound Philoſophy aſide;
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear *Bethel*'s Sermon, one not vers'd in ſchools,
[4] But ſtrong in ſenſe, and wiſe without the rules.
[8] Go work, hunt, exerciſe! (he thus began)
Then ſcorn a homely dinner if you can.

---

[1] *Quæ virtus & quanta, boni, ſit vivere parvo,*
*(Nec meus hic Sermo, ſed quem præcepit Ofellus*
*Ruſticus,* [4] abnormis *ſapiens,* craſſaque Minerva)
*Diſcite* [5] *non inter lanceis,* menſaſque nitenteis,
*Cum ſtupet* inſanis acies fulgoribus, *& cum*
*Acclinis falſis animus meliora recuſat;*
[3] *Verum hic* impranſi *mecum diſquirite. Cur hoc?*
*Dicam ſi potero*——
——[8] *Leporem ſectatus, equove Laſſus* ——
*Cum labor extuderit faſtidia, ſiccus, inanis,*

[9] Your

[9] Your wine lock'd up, your Butler ſtroll'd abroad,
Or kept from fiſh, (the river yet unthaw'd)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleaſure lies in you, and not the meat.
[10] Preach as I pleaſe, I doubt our curious men
Will chuſe a pheaſant ſtill before a hen;
Yet hens of *Guinea* full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
[11] Of Carps and Mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces e'er my Lord can eat)
Yet for ſmall Turbots ſuch eſteem profeſs?
Becauſe God made theſe large, the other leſs.

---

*Sperne* cibum vilem.—[9] *Foris eſt Promus, & atrum*
*Defendens piſces hyemat mare: cum ſale panis*
*Latrantem ſtomachum bene leniet: unde? putas, aut*
*Quo partum? Non in caro nidore voluptas*
*Summa, ſed in* teipſo *eſt* * * *

[10] *Vix tamen eripiam, poſito* pavone, *velis quin*
*Hoc potius quam* gallina, *tergere palatum*——
*Tanquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num veſceris iſta*
*Quam laudas, pluma?* —[11] *Laudas inſane,* trilibrem
Mullum, *in ſingula quem minuas pulmenta neceſſe eſt.*
*Ducit te ſpecies video. Quo pertinet ergo*
Proceros *odiſſe* lupos? *quia ſcilicet illis*
*Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.*

[11] *Oldfield,*

[12] *Oldfield* with more than Harpy throat endu'd,
Cries, "ſend me, Gods! a whole Hog † barbecu'd!
Oh blaſt it, [13] ſouth-winds! till a ſtench exhale
Rank as the ripeneſs of a rabbit's tail.
By what Criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for ſweetneſs, that for ſtink?
When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a Treat,
He'll find no reliſh in the ſweeteſt meat,
He calls for ſomething bitter, ſomething ſour,
And the rich feaſt concludes extremely poor:
[15] Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives ſtill we ſee,
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
[16] The *Robin-red-breaſt* till of late had reſt,
And children ſacred held a *Martin*'s neſt,
Till *Becca-ficos* ſold ſo dev'liſh dear,
To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.

---

[12] Porrectum magno magnum ſpectare catino
Vellem (*ait* Harpyiis *gula digna rapacibus*) *at vos*
*Præſentes Auſtri! coquite horum opſonia: Quamvis*
*Putet aper, rhombuſque recens, mala copia quando*
*Ægrum ſollicitat ſtomachum, cum* rapula *plenus*
*Atque acidas mavult* inulas. [15] *Necdum* omnis *abacta*
Pauperies *epulis regum: nam* vilibus ovis
*Nigriſque eſt* oleis *hodie locus.*——
[16] *Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque* ciconia *nido,*

† A *Weſt Indian* term of gluttony, a hog roaſted whole, ſtuff'd with ſpice, and baſted with *Madera* wine.

Or

[17] Let me extoll a *Cat*, on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the *Bedford Head*,
Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend,
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.
[18] 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between excess and famine lies a mean,
Plain, but not sordid; tho' not splendid, clean.
[19] *Avidien*, or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a [20] dog, and her a bitch)
Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
[21] One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some [22] lucky day (as when they found
A lost Bank-bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)

---

*Donec vos auctor docuit* Pretorius. [17] *Ergo*
*Siquis nunc* mergos *suaves edixerit* assos,
*Parebit pravi docilis* Romana Juventus.
[18] *Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello*
*Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,*
*Si te alio pravum detorseris.* [19] *Avidienus*
([20] *Cui* Canis *ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret*)
*Quinquennes oleas est, & sylvestria corna.*
[21] *Ac nisi* mutatum *parcit defundere* vinum, &
*Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit*
*Ille* repotia, natales, *aliosque dierum*
[22] *Festus albatus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri*

At ſuch a feaſt, [23] old vinegar to ſpare,
Is what two ſouls ſo gen'rous cannot bear;
Oyl, tho' it ſtink, they drop by drop impart,
But ſowſe the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
[24]He knows to live, who keeps the middle ſtate,
And neither leans on this ſide, nor on that;
Nor [25] ſtops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like *Albutius*, a good Cook away;
Nor lets, like [26] *Nævius*, ev'ry error paſs,
The muſty wine, foul cloth, or greaſy glaſs.
[27] Now hear what bleſſings Temperance can bring:
(Thus ſaid our friend, and what he ſaid I ſing)
Firſt Health: [28] The ſtomach (cramm'd from ev'ry diſh,
A tomb of boil'd, and roaſt, and fleſh, and fiſh,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one inteſtine war)

---

Caulibus *inſtillat*; [23] veteris non parcus aceti.
*Quali igitur victu ſapiens utetur, & horum*
*Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.*
[24] *Mundus erit qui non offendat ſordibus, atque*
*In neutram partem cultus miſer.* [25] *Hic neque* ſervis
*Albuti ſenis exemplo, dum munia dedit,*
Sævus *erit: nec ſic ut ſimplex* [26] *Nævius*, unctam
*Convivis præbebit* aquam: *vitium hoc quoque magnum.*
[27] *Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque ſecum*
*Afferat.* [28] *In primis valeas bene: nam variæ res*
*Ut noceant homini credas, memor illius eſcæ*

Remembers oft [29] the School-boys ſimple fare,
The temp'rate ſleeps, and ſpirits light as air.
[30] How pale, each Worſhipful and Rev'rend gueſt
Riſe from a clergy, or a city, feaſt!
What life in all that ample body, ſay,
What heav'nly particle inſpires the clay?
The ſoul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines
To ſeem but mortal, ev'n in ſound divines.
[31] On morning wings how active ſprings the mind
That leaves the load of yeſterday behind?
How eaſy ev'ry labour it purſues?
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muſe?
[32] Not but we may exceed, ſome holy time,
Or tir'd in ſearch of Truth, or ſearch of Rhyme;

---

*Quæ ſimplex* [29] olim *tibi ſederat; at ſimul aſſis*
*Miſcueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis,*
*Dulcia ſe in bilem vertunt, ſtomachoque tumultum*
*Lenta feret pituita.* [30] *Vides, ut pallidus omnis*
*Cæna deſurgat dubia? quin corpus onuſtum*
*Heſternis vitiis,* animum *quoque prægravat una,*
*Atque affigit humo* divinæ particulam auræ.
[31] *Alter ubi dicto citius curata ſopori*
*Membra dedit, vegetus præſcripta ad munia ſurgit.*
[32] *Hic tamen ad melius poterit tranſcurrere quondam:*
*Sive* diem feſtum *rediens advexerit annus,*
*Seu recreare volet* tenuatum corpus: *ubique*
*Accedent anni,* & tractari mollius ætas

Ill health ſome juſt indulgence may engage,
And more, the ſickneſs of long life, old age;
33 For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate youth the veſſel drains?
34 Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'ſon. You ſuppoſe
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no noſe?
Not ſo: a Buck was then a week's repaſt,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it laſt:
Better to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the ſweeteſt by themſelves at home.
35 Why had not I in thoſe good times my birth,
E're coxcomb pyes or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,
(36 That ſweeteſt muſick to an honeſt ear;
For 'faith Lord *Fanny!* you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a ſong)

---

Imbecilla *volet.* 33 *Tibi quidnam accedet ad iſtam*
*Quam puer & validus præ-ſumis mollitiem, ſeu*
*Dura valetudo inciderit, ſeu tarda ſenectus?*
34 Rancidum aprum *antiqui laudabant, non quia naſus*
*Illis nullus erat, ſed* (credo) *hac mente, quod hoſpes*
*Tardius adveniens, vitiatum commodius, quam*
*Integrum edax dominus conſumeret.* 35 *Hos utinam inter*
*Heroas natum tellus mè prima tuliſſet!*
36 *Das aliquid* Famæ? (*que* carmine gratior *aurem*
*Occupat humanam*) *Grandes rhombi, patinæque*

Who has not learn'd, [37] freſh ſturgeon and ham pye
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!
When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy [38] neighbours, thy truſtees, thyſelf,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a ſhame,
Think how poſterity will treat thy name;
And [39] buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hait at leaſt beſtow'd one penny well.

[40] "Right, cries his Lordſhip, for a rogue in need
" To have a Taſte, is inſo'ence indeed:
" In me 'tis noble, ſuits my birth and ſtate,
" My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let [41] Bounty ſpread her ray,
And ſhine that ſuperfluity away.
Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,
How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the [42] new-built churches round thee fall?
Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair *Whitehall*:

---

*Grande ferent una* [37] *cum* damno dedecus. *Adde*
[38] *Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,*
*Et fruſtra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti*
[39] *As*, laquei *pretium.* —— ——
—— [40] *Jure, inquis, Thraſius iſtis*
*Jurgatur verbis; ego vectigalia magna*
*Divitiaſque habeo tribus amplas regibus.* [41] *Ergo*
*Quod* ſuperat, *non eſt* melius quo *inſumere poſſis?*
*Cur eget indignus* quiſquam *te divite? quare*
[42] Templa *ruunt* antiqua *Deum? cur* improbe! *caræ*
*Non aliquid* patriæ *tanto emetiris acervo?*
*Uni nimirum tibi recte ſemper erunt res?*

Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As *M**o*'s was, but not at five *per Cent.*
43 Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jeſt for all mankind!
And 44 who ſtands ſafeſt, tell me? is it he
That ſpreads and ſwells in puff'd proſperity,
Or bleſt with little, whoſe preventing care
In peace provides fit arms againſt a war?
45 Thus *Bethel* ſpoke, who always ſpeaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought.
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the man.
In *South-ſea* days not happier, when ſurmis'd
The Lord of thouſands, than ev'n now 46 *Excis'd*;
In foreſts planted by a Father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On 47 broccoli and mutton, round the year;

---

43 *O magnus poſthac inimicis riſus! uter-ne*
44 *Ad caſus dubios fidet ſibi certius? hic, qui*
*Pluribus aſſuerit mentem corpuſque ſuperbum?*
*An qui contentus parvo, metuenſque futuri,*
*In pace, ut ſapiens, aptarit idonea bello?*
45 *Quo magis hoc credas, puer hanc ego parvus* Ofellum
Integris *opibus novi non latius uſum,*
*Quam nunc* 46 acciſis. *Videas,* metato *in agello,*
*Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profeſta*
*Quidquam præter* 47 olus *fumoſæ cum pede pernæ.*

But [48] ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no [49] Turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my *Thames* affords:
To *Hounſlow-heath* I point, and *Banſted-down*,
Thence comes your mutton, and theſe chicks my own:
[50] From yon old walnut-tree a ſhow'r ſhall fall;
And grapes, long-lingring on my only wall,
And figs, from ſtandard and eſpalier join:
The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine.
Then [51] chearful healths (your Miſtreſs ſhall have place)
And, what's more rare, a Poet ſhall ſay *Grace*.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boaſt;
Tho' double-tax'd, how little have I loſt?
My Life's amuſements have been juſt the ſame,
Before, and after [52] Standing Armies came.

---

*At mihi cum* [48] longum poſt tempus *venerit hoſpes*,
*Sive* operum vacuo, *&c.*—— *bene erit, non* piſcibus *urbe petitis*,
*Sed* pullo *atque* hædo; tum [50] penſilis uva *ſecundas*
*Et* nux *ornabit menſas, cum* duplice ficu.
*Poſthac ludus erit* [51] *Cuppa potare Magiſtra*,
*Ac* venerata Ceres, *ut culmo ſurgeret alto*,
*Explicuit vino contractæ ſeria frontis.*
*Sæviat atque novas moveat Fortuna tumultus!*
*Quantum hinc imminuit? quanto aut* ego *parcius, aut* vos,
*O pueri nituiſtis, ut huc* [52] novus Incola *venit?*

My

My lands are ſold, my Father's houſe is gone;
I'll hire another's: is not that my own?
And yours, my friends? thro' whoſe free-opening gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold ſage *Homer*'s rule the beſt,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the going gueſt.)
" Pray heav'n it laſt! (cries *Swift*) as you go on;
" I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own:
" Pity! to build, without a ſon or wife:
" Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."—
Well, if the uſe be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to *Pope* or *Vernon?*
What's [53] *Property?* dear *Swift!* you ſee it alter
From you to me, from me to [54] *Peter Walter,*
Or, in a mortgage, prove the Lawyer's ſhare,
Or, in a jointure, vaniſh from the heir,
Or in pure [55] equity (the caſe not clear)
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
At beſt, it falls to ſome [56] ungracious ſon,
That cries, my father's damn'd, and all's my own.
[57] Shades, that to *Ba* * * *n* could retreat afford,
Are now the portion of a booby lord;

---

[53] *Nam* propriæ telluris *herum natura neque illum*
*Nec me, aut quemquam ſtatuit; nos expulit ille,*
*Illum aut* [54] Nequities, *aut* [55] vafri inſcitia juris,
*Poſtremo expellet certe* [56] vivacior hæres,
[57] *Nunc ager* Umbreni ſub nomine, *nuper* Oſelli
*Dictus, erit nulli proprius, ſed cedet in uſum*

And *Hemſley*, once proud * *Buckingham*'s delight,
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a City Knight.
38 Let lands and houſes have what lords they will,
Let Us be fix'd, and our own maſters ſtill.

---

*Nunc mihi, nunc alii.* 38 *Quocirca vivite fortes!*
*Fortiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus.*

* Villers Duke of Buckingham.

# SATIRES

OF

Dr. *JOHN DONNE*,

Dean of St. PAUL's.

*Quid vetat, ut noſmet* Lucili *ſcripta legentes*
*Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit*
*Verſiculos natura magis factos, & euntes*
*Mollius?* HOR.

# THE

# SECOND SATIRE

## OF

## Dr. *JOHN DONNE.*

*SIR; though (I thank God for it) I do hate*
*Perfectly all this town; yet there's one ſtate*
*In all ill things ſo excellently beſt,*
*That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the reſt.*
*Though Poetry, indeed, be ſuch a ſin,*
*As, I think, that brings* dearth, *and* Spaniards *in:*
*Though like the peſtilence, and old faſhion'd love,*
*Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove*
*Never, till it be ſtarv'd out; yet their ſtate*
*Is poor, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate;*

*One,*

# THE SECOND SATIRE OF Dr. *JOHN DONNE.*

YES; thank my ſtars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the ſenſe to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there muſt be ſtill
One Giant-Vice, ſo excellently ill,
That all beſide one pities, not abhors;
As who knows *Sa* * *, ſmiles at other whores.
I grant that Poetry's a crying ſin;
It brought (no doubt) th' *Exciſe* and *Army* in:
Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is ſtarving, all allow.
Yet like the Papiſts, is the Poets ſtate,
Poor and diſarm'd, and hardly worth your hate.
Here a lean bard, whoſe wit could never give
Himſelf a dinner, makes an Actor live:

The

*One, (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,*
*Yet prompts him which ſtands next, and cannot read,*
*And ſaves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,*
*(Starving himſelf) to live by his labour'd ſcenes.*
*As in ſome Organs, Puppits dance above*
*And bellows pant below, which them do move.*
*One would move love by rythmes; but witchcrafts charms*
*Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms:*
*Rams, and ſlings now are ſilly battery,*
*Piſtolets are the beſt artillery.*
*And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,*
*Are they not like ſingers at doors for meat?*
*And they who write, becauſe all write, have ſtill*
*That 'ſcuſe for writing, and for writing ill.*
*But he is worſt, who (beggerly) doth chaw*
*Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw*
*Rankly digeſted, doth thoſe things out-ſpue,*
*As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,*
*For if one eat my meat, though it be known,*
*The meat was mine, th' excrement's his own.*
*But theſe do me no harm, nor they which uſe,*
*To out-doe dildoes, and out-uſure Jews,*
*T' out-drink the ſea, to out-ſwear the Letanie,*
*Who with ſins all kinds as familiar be*
*As Confeſſors, and for whoſe ſinful ſake*
*Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make:*
*Whoſe ſtrange ſins Canoniſts could hardly tell*
*In which Commandments large receit they dwell.*

*But*

The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts, and ſaves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of ſome carv'd Organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above,
Heav'd by the breath th' inſpiring bellows blow;
Th' inſpiring bellows lie and pant below.
One ſings the Fair; but ſongs no longer move,
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's ſpite, the ſiege they hold,
And ſcorn the fleſh, the dev'l, and all but gold.
Theſe write to Lords, ſome mean reward to get,
As needy beggars ſing at doors for meat.
Thoſe write becauſe all write, and ſo have ſtill
Excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit:
'Tis chang'd indeed from what it was before,
His rank digeſtion makes it wit no more:
Senſe, paſt thro' him, no longer is the ſame,
For food digeſted takes another name.
I paſs o'er all thoſe Confeſſors and Martyrs
Who live like *S—tt—n*, or who die like *Charters*,
Out-cant old *Eſdras*, or out-drink his heir,
Out-uſure *Jews*, or *Iriſhmen* out-ſwear;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act ſins which *Priſca*'s Confeſſor ſcarce hears:
Ev'n thoſe I pardon, for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Of whoſe ſtrange crimes no Canoniſt can tell
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.

One,

*But these punish themselves. The insolence*
*Of* Coscus, *only, breeds my just offence,*
*Whom time, (which rots all, and makes botches pox,*
*And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)*
*Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;*
*But scarce a Poet: jollier of this state,*
*Then are new benefic'd Ministers, he throws*
*Like nets or lime-twigs wheresoe'er he goes*
*His title of Barrister on ev'ry wench,*
*And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench.*
*A motion, Lady: Speak Coscus. I have been*
*In love ever since* tricesimo *of the Queen:*
*Continual claims I've made, Injunctions got*
*To stay my rival's suit, that he should not*
*Proceed; spare me: in Hillary term I went,*
*You said, if I return'd next size in Lent,*
*I should be in Remitter of your grace;*
*In th' interim my letters should take place*
*Of Affidavits. Words, words, which would tear*
*The tender labyrinth of a Maids soft ear;*
*More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more*
*Than when Vinas in our ruin'd Abbyes roar.*
*Then sick with Poetry, and possest with Muse*
*Thou wast, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuse*
*Law practice for meer gain; bold soul repute*
*Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.*
*Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk*
*His hand still at a bill, now he must talk*
*Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear*
*That only suretyship hath brought them there,*

*And*

One, one man only breeds my juſt offence;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impu-
Time, that at laſt matures a clap to pox, [dence:
Whoſe gentle progreſs makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to paſs,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Aſs.
No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more poſitive than he.
What further could I wiſh the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and ſcribble verſes too?
Pierce the ſoft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year?*
To court a wife, and ſpread his wily parts,
Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich widows hearts?
Call himſelf Barriſter to ev'ry wench,
And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language, which *Boreas* might to *Auſter* hold,
More rough than forty *Germans* when they ſcold.
Curs'd be the wretch! ſo venal and ſo vain;
Paltry and proud, as drabs in *Drury-lane.*
'Tis ſuch a bounty as was never known,
If *Peter* deigns to help you to your *own:*
What thanks, what praiſe, if *Peter* but ſupplies!
And what a ſolemn face if he denies!
Grave, as when Pris'ners ſhake the head, and ſwear
'Twas only Suretyſhip that brought 'em there.
His *Office* keeps your Parchment-fates entire,
He ſtarves with cold to ſave them from the fire;
For you, he walks the ſtreets thro' rain or duſt,
For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his truſt;

For

*And to every ſuitor lye in every thing,*
*Like a Kings Favourite —— or like a King.*
*Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,*
*Bearing like aſſes, and more ſhameleſs farre*
*Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; for*
*Baſtardy abounds not in King's titles, nor*
*Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,*
*As theſe things do in him; by theſe he thrives.*
*Shortly (as th' ſea) he'll compaſs all the land,*
*From* Scots *to* Wight, *from* Mount *to* Dover *ſtrand,*
*And ſpying heirs melting with luxury,*
*Satan will not joy at their ſins as he.*
*For (as a thrifty wench ſcrapes kitchen-ſtuffe,*
*And barrelling the droppings, and the ſnuffe*
*Of waſting candles, which in thirty year*
*(Reliquely kept) perchance buyes wedding chear)*
*Piecemeal he gets lands, and ſpends as much time*
*Wringing each acre, as Maids pulling prime.*
*In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws*
*Aſſurances, big as gloſs'd civil laws,*
*So huge, that men (in our times forwardneſs)*
*Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſs.*
*Theſe he writes not; nor for theſe written payes,*
*Therefore ſpares no length, (as in thoſe firſt dayes*
*When* Luther *was profeſt, he did deſire*
*Short* Pater noſters, *ſaying as a Fryer*
*Each day his beads, but having left thoſe laws,*
*Adds to Chriſts prayer, the power and glory clauſe.*
*But when he ſells or changes land, h'impaires*
*The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves-out,* ſes heires,

*As*

For you he ſweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witneſs he affects your cauſe,
And lies to every Lord in every thing,
Like a King's Favourite —— or like a King.
These are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked *Waters* ev'n to godly ——
Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
Nor more of Baſtardy in heirs to Crowns.
In ſhillings and in pence at firſt they deal,
And ſteal ſo little, few perceive they ſteal;
Till like the ſea, they compaſs all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* ſtrand.
And when rank widows purchaſe luſcious nights,
Or when a Duke to *Janſen* punts at *White*'s,
Or city heir in mortgage melts away,
*Satan* himſelf feels far leſs joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre firſt, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole eſtate:
Then ſtrongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,
Large as the fields themſelves, and larger far
Than civil *Codes*, with all their gloſſes, are:
So vaſt, our new Divines, we muſt confeſs,
Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſs.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dextrouſly omits, *ſes heires:*
No commentator can more ſlily paſs
O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place;
Or, in quotation, ſhrewd divines leave out
Thoſe words, that would againſt them clear the doubt

*As ſlily as any Commenter goes by*
*Hard words, or ſenſe; or, in Divinity*
*As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out*
*Shrewd words, which might againſt them clear the doubt.*
*Where are thoſe ſpred woods which cloth'd heretofore*
*Thoſe bought lands? not built, nor burnt within doore.*
*Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls*
*Carthuſian Faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals*
*Equally I hate. Mean's bleſt. In rich men's homes*
*I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no hecatombs,*
*None ſtarve, none ſurfeit ſo. But (oh) we allow*
*Good works as good, but out of faſhion now,*
*Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws*
*Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatutes jawes.*

THE

So *Luther* thought the Paternoſter long,
When doom'd to ſay his beads and Evenſong;
But having caſt his cowle, and left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's prayer, the *Pow'r and Glory* clauſe.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Thoſe ancient woods, that ſhaded all the ground?
We ſee no new-built palaces aſpire,
No kitchens emulate the veſtal fire.
Where are thoſe troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hoſpitable door?
Well, I could wiſh, that ſtill in lordly domes
Some beaſts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs,
That both extremes were baniſh'd from their walls,
*Carthuſian* faſts, and fulſome *Bacchanals*;
And all mankind might that juſt Mean obſerve,
In which none e'er could ſurfeit, none could ſtarve.
Theſe as good works 'tis true we all allow;
But oh! theſe works are not in faſhion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've ſaid, I truſt without offence;
Let no Court-Sycophant pervert my ſenſe,
Nor ſly Informer watch theſe words to draw
Within the reach of Treaſon, or the Law.

# THE FOURTH SATIRE OF Dr. JOHN DONNE.

*WELL; I may now receive, and die. My ſin*
*Indeed is great, but yet I have been in*
*A Purgatory, ſuch as fear'd hell is*
*A recreation, and ſcant map of this.*
*My mind, neither with prides itch, nor hath been*
*Poyſon'd with love to ſee or to be ſeen,*
*I had no ſuit there, nor new ſuit to ſhow,*
*Yet went to Court; But as* Glare *which did go*
*To Maſs in jeſt, catch'd, was fain to diſburſe*
*The hundred markes, which is the Statutes curſe,*

*Before*

# THE
# FOURTH SATIRE
# OF
# Dr. *JOHN DONNE.*

WELL, if it be my time to quit the ſtage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at leaſt beyond the grave.
I've had my purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my ſatires, all my rhymes.
The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With fooliſh pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commiſſion from his Grace;
I bought no benifice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verſes, or new ſuit to ſhow;
Yet went to Court! —— the Dev'l wou'd have it ſo.

*Before he ſcapt; So't pleas'd my deſtiny*
*(Guilty of my ſin of going,) to think me*
*As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-*
*full, as proud, luſtful, and as much in debt,*
*As vain, as witleſs, and as falſe as they*
*Which dwel in court, for once going that way.*
*Therefore I ſuffer'd this; towards me did run*
*A thing more ſtrange, than on Niles ſlime, the Sun*
*E'er bred, or all which into* Noah's *Ark came:*
*A thing which would have poſ'd* Adam *to name:*
*Stranger than ſeven Antiquaries ſtudies,*
*Than* Africks *Monſters,* Guianaes *rarities,*
*Stranger than ſtrangers: One who, for a* Dane,
*In the* Danes *Maſſacre had ſure been ſlain,*
*If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,*
*When next the Prentices 'gainſt Strangers riſe.*
*One whom the watch at noon lets ſcarce go by;*
*One, to whom the examining Juſtice ſure would cry,*
*Sir, by your Prieſthood tell me what you are?*
*His cloaths were ſtrange, though coarſe, and black*
*Sleeveleſs his jerkin was, and it had been [though bare,*
*Velvet, but 'twas now (ſo much ground was ſeen)*
*Become Tufftaffaty; and our children ſhall*
*See it plain raſh a while, then nought at all.*

*The*

But, as the fool that in reforming days
Wou'd go to maſs in jeſt, (as ſtory ſays)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd deſign of ſerving God:
So was I puniſh'd, as if full as proud
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as falſe, as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when behold! there came
A Thing which *Adam* had been pos'd to name;
*Noah* had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
Where all the race of Reptiles might embark:
A verier monſter than on *Africk*'s ſhore
The ſun e're got, or ſlimy *Nilus* bore,
Or *Sloane*, or *Woodward*'s wondrous ſhelves contain;
Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him paſs at noon,
At night, wou'd ſwear him dropt out of the moon.
One whom the mob, when next we find or make
A Popiſh plot, ſhall for a Jeſuit take;
And the wiſe Juſtice ſtarting from his chair
Cry, by your Prieſthood tell me what you are?
Such was the wight: Th' apparel on his back
Tho' courſe, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:
The ſuit, if by the faſhion one might gueſs,
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Beſs*,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So time that changes all things, had ordain'd!

*The thing hath travail'd, and faith, ſpeaks all tongues,*
*And only knoweth what to all States belongs.*
*Made of th' accents, and beſt phraſe of all theſe.*
*He ſpeaks one language. If ſtrange meats diſpleaſe,*
*Art can deceive, or hunger force my taſt;*
*But pedants motly tongue, ſouldiers bumbaſt,*
*Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the termes of law,*
*Are ſtrong enough preparatives to draw*
*Me to hear this, yet I muſt be content*
*With his tongue, in his tongue call'd* Complement:
*In which he can win widows, and pay ſcores,*
*Make men ſpeak treaſon, couzen ſubtleſt Whores,*
*Out-flatter favorites, or out-lie either*
Jovius, *or* Surius, *or both together.*
*He names me, and comes to me; I whiſper, God*
*How have I ſinn'd, that thy wraths furious rod,*
*This fellow, chuſeth me! He ſaith, Sir,*
*I love your judgment, whom do you prefer*
*For the beſt Linguiſt? and I ſeelily*
*Said that I thought* Calepines *Dictionary.*
*Nay, but of men, moſt ſweet Sir?* Beza *then,*
*Some Jeſuits, and two reverend men*
*Of our two academies I named: here*
*He ſtopt me, and ſaid, Nay your Apoſtles were*

*Good*

Our ſons ſhall ſee it leiſurely decay,
Firſt turn plain raſh, then vaniſh quite away.
This thing has travel'd, ſpeaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for every ſtate to do;
Of whoſe beſt phraſe and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers, I've learn'd to bear; *Motteux* I knew,
*Henley* himſelf I've heard, and *Budgell* too:
The Doctor's Wormwood ſtyle, the Haſh of tongues
A Pedant makes, the ſtorm of *Gonſon*'s lungs,
The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War,
And (all thoſe plagues in one) the bawling Bar;
Theſe I cou'd bear; but not a rogue ſo civil,
Whoſe tongue will complement you to the devil.
A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel ſcores,
Make *Scots* ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie,
And *Oldmixon* and *Burnet* both out-lie.
He ſpies me out. I whiſper, gracious God!
What ſin of mine cou'd merit ſuch a rod?
That all the ſhot of dulneſs now muſt be
From this thy blunderbuſs diſcharg'd on me!
Permit (he cries) no ſtranger to your fame
To crave your ſentiment, if ——'s your name.
What *Speech* eſteem you moſt? —" The King's, ſaid I.
But the beſt words?—" O Sir, the Dictionary.
You miſs my aim; I mean the moſt acute
And perfect Speaker? —— " *Onſlow*, paſt diſpute.
But Sir, of writers? " *Swift*, for cloſer ſtyle,
" But *Ho**y* for a period of a mile.

Why

*Good pretty Linguiſts, ſo* Panurgus *was;*
*Yet a poor Gentleman; all theſe may paſs*
*By travail. Then, as if he would have ſold*
*His tongue, he prais'd it, and ſuch wonders told,*
*That I was fain to ſay, if you had liv'd, Sir,*
*Time enough to have been Interpreter*
*To* Babels *bricklayers, ſure the Tower had ſtood.*
*He adds, if of Court life you knew the good,*
*You would leave loneneſs. I ſaid, not alone*
*My loneneſs is; but* Spartanes *faſhion*
*To teach by painting drunkards doth not laſt*
*Now,* Aretines *pictures have made few chaſte;*
*No more can Princes Courts, though there be few*
*Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue.*
*He like to a high-ſtrecht Lute-ſtring ſqueakt, O ſir,*
*'Tis ſweet to talk of Kings. At* Weſtminſter,
*Said I, the man that keeps the Abby tombs,*
*And for his price, doth with whoever comes*
*Of all our* Harrys, *and our* Edwards *talk,*
*From King to King, and all their kin can walk:*
*Your eares ſhall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet*
*Kings only: The way to it is* Kings ſtreet.
*He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He's baſe, mechanique, courſe,*
*So'are all your* Engliſhmen *in their diſcourſe.*

*Are*

Why yes, 'tis granted, theſe indeed may paſs;
Good common linguiſts, and ſo *Panurge* was;
Nay troth, th'Apoſtles (tho' perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
Yet theſe were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.
Thus others talents having nicely ſhown,
He came by ſure tranſition to his own:
Till I cry'd out, You prove your ſelf ſo able,
Pity! you was not Druggerman at *Babel*;
For had they found a linguiſt half ſo good,
I make no queſtion but the Tow'r had ſtood.
" Obliging Sir! for Courts you ſure were made:
" Why then for ever buried in the ſhade?
" Spirits like you, ſhould ſee and ſhou'd be ſeen,
" The King would ſmile on you—at leaſt the Queen."
Ah gentle Sir! you Courtiers ſo cajol us —
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus ſolus:*
And as for Courts, forgive me if I ſay
No leſſons now are taught the Spartan way:
Tho' in his pictures Luſt be full diſplay'd,
Few are the Converts *Aretine* has made;
And tho' the Court ſhow Vice exceeding clear,
None ſhou'd, by my advice, learn Virtue there.
At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-ſtretch'd luteſtring, and replies:
" Oh 'tis the ſweeteſt of all earthly things
" To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!
Then happy Man who ſhows the Tombs! ſaid I,
He dwells amidſt the Royal Family;

He

*Are not your* Frenchmen *neat? Mine, as you ſee,*
*I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.*
*Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I, of this mind am,*
*Your only wearing is your Grogaram.*
*Not ſo Sir, I have more. Under this pitch*
*He would not fly; I chaf'd him: But as Itch*
*Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt Iron grown'd*
*Into an edge, hurts worſe: So, I (fool) found,*
*Croſſing hurt me. To fit my ſullenneſs,*
*He to another key his ſtyle doth dreſs;*
*And asks what news; I tell him of new playes,*
*He takes my hand, and as a Still which ſtayes*
*A Sembrief, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,*
*As loath to inrich me, ſo tells many a ly.*
*More than ten* Hollenſheads, *or* Halls, *or* Stows,
*Of trivial houſhold traſh: He knows, he knows*
*When the Queen frown'd or ſmil'd, and he knows what*
*A ſubtle States-man may gather of that;*
*He knows whom loves whom; and who by poyſon*
*Haſts to an Offices reverſion;*
*Who waſts in meat, in clothes, in horſe, he notes,*
*Who loveth whores, and who boys, and who goats.*
*He knows who hath ſold his land, and now doth beg*
*A licenſe, old iron, boots, ſhoes, and egge-*

*Shels*

He, ev'ry day, from King to King can walk,
Of all our *Harries*, all our *Edwards* talk,
And get by ſpeaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, Eaſe and Bread.
" Lord! Sir, a meer mechanick! ſtrangely low,
" And courſe of phraſe — your *Engliſh* all are ſo.
" How elegant your *Frenchman*?—Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean.
" Oh! Sir, politely well! nay, let me die,
" Your only wearing is your *Padua-ſoy*."
Not Sir my only, I have better ſtill,
And this you ſee is but my diſhabille —
Wild to get looſe, his Patience I provoke,
Miſtake, confound, object at all he ſpoke.
But as coarſe iron, ſharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch moſt hurts when anger'd to a ſore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis ſtill the curſe,
You only make the matter worſe and worſe.
He paſt it o'er; affects an eaſy ſmile
At all my peeviſhneſs, and turns his ſtyle.
He asks, " What News? I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas.
He hears, and as a Still, with ſimples in it,
Between each drop it gives, ſtays half a minute;
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.
Meer houſhold traſh! of birth-night, balls, and ſhows,
More than ten *Hollingſheads*, or *Halls*, or *Stows*.
When the Queen frown'd, or ſmil'd, he knows; and what
A ſubtle Miniſter may make of that?

Who

*Shels to tranſport ; ſhortly boys ſhall not play*
*At ſpan-counter, or blow-point, but ſhall pay*
*Toll to ſome Courtier ; and wiſer then all us,*
*He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus*
*He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, ſpue, ſpit,*
*Look pale and ſickly, like a Patient, yet*
*He thruſt on more, and as he had undertook,*
*To ſay* Gallo-Belgicus *without book,*
*Speaks of all States and deeds that have been ſince*
*The* Spaniards *came, to th' loſs of* Amyens.
*Like a big wife, at ſight of loathed meat,*
*Ready to travail: ſo I ſigh, and ſweat*
*To hear this Makaron talk: in vain, for yet,*
*Either my humour, or his own to fit,*
*He like a privileg'd ſpie, whom nothing can*
*Diſcredit, libels now 'gainſt each great man.*
*He names a price of every office paid ;*
*He ſaith, our wars thrive ill, becauſe delai'd ;*
*That Offices are intail'd and that there are*
*Perpetuities of them, laſting as far*
*As the laſt day ; and that great Officers*
*Do with the* Spaniards *ſhare, and* Dunkirkers.

*I more*

Who ſins with whom? who got his Penſion rug,
Or quicken'd a Reverſion by a drug?
Whoſe Place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a Biſhop or a Whore?
Who, having loſt his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a Government?
Who in the ſecret, deals in Stocks ſecure,
And cheats th' unknowing Widow, and the Poor?
Who makes a Truſt, or Charity a Job,
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob?
Why Turnpikes roſe, and now no Cit, nor clown
Can gratis ſee the country, or the town?
Shortly no lad ſhall chuck, or lady vole,
But ſome exciſing Courtier will have toll.
He tells what ſtrumpet places ſells for life,
What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife?!
And laſt (which proves him wiſer ſtill than all)
What Lady's face is not a whited wall?
As one of *Woodward*'s patients, ſick and ſore,
I puke, I nauſeate, — yet he thruſts in more;
Trims *Europe*'s balance, tops the ſtateſman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Poſt-boys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife, at ſight of loathſome meat
Ready to caſt, I yawn, I ſigh, I ſweat.
Then as a licens'd ſpy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man;
Swears every place entail'd for years to come,
In ſure ſucceſſion to the day of doom:
He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
And ſays our wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd;

Nay

I *more amaz'd than* Circes *priſoners, when*
*They felt themſelves turn beaſts, felt my ſelf then*
*Becoming Traytor, and methought I ſaw*
*One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw,*
*To ſuck me in for hearing him: I found*
*That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow ſound*
*By giving others their ſores, I might grow*
*Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did ſhow*
*All ſignes of loathing; but ſince I am in,*
*I muſt pay mine, and my forefathers ſin*
*To the laſt farthing. Therefore to my power*
*Toughly and ſtubbornly I bear this croſs; but the hower,*
*Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring*
*Me to pay a fine to 'ſcape his torturing,*
*And ſayes, ſir, can you ſpare me? I ſaid; willingly;*
*Nay, ſir, can you ſpare me a crown? thankfully I*
*Gave it, as ranſom; but as fiddlers, ſtill,*
*Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will*
*Thruſt one more jigg upon you: ſo did he*
*With his long complemental thanks vex me:*
*But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,*
*And the Prerogative of my Crown: ſcant*
*His thanks were ended, when I (which did ſee*
*All the Court fill'd with more ſtrange things than he)*
*Ran from thence with ſuch, or more haſte than one*
*Who fears more actions, doth haſt from priſon.* At

Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
That *Spain* robs on, and *Dunkirk*'s ſtill a Port.
Not more amazement ſeiz'd on *Circe*'s gueſts,
To ſee themſelves fall endlong into beaſts,
Than mine, to find a ſubject ſtay'd and wiſe,
Already half turn'd traytor by ſurprize.
I fear'd th' infection ſlid from him to me,
As in the pox, ſome give it to get free;
And quick to ſwallow me, methought I ſaw
One of our giant Statutes ope its jaw!
In that nice moment, as another lye
Stood juſt a-tilt, the Miniſter came by,
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again——
Then cloſe as *Umbra*, joins the dirty train.
Not *Fannius* ſelf more impudently near,
When half his noſe is in his Prince's ear.
I quak'd at heart; and ſtill afraid to ſee
All the court fill'd with ſtranger things than he,
Run out as faſt, as one that pays his bail
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
Bear me, ſome God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholeſome ſolitude, the nurſe of ſenſe:
There contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free ſoul looks down to pity Kings.
There ſober Thought purſu'd th' amuſing theme
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
A viſion hermits can to hell tranſport,
And force ev'n me to ſee the damn'd at court.
Not *Dante* dreaming all th' infernal ſtate,
Beheld ſuch ſcenes of envy, ſin, and hate.
Baſe Fear becomes the guilty not the free;
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but ſuits not me:

*At home in wholeſom ſolitarineſs*
*My piteous ſoul began the wretchedneſs*
*Of ſuiters at court to mourn, and a trance*
*Like his, who dream't he ſaw hell, did advance*
*It ſelf o'er me: ſuch men as he ſaw there*
*I ſaw at court, and worſe and more. Low fear*
*Becomes the guilty, not th' accuſer: Then,*
*Shall I, none's ſlave, of high born or rais'd men*
*Fear frowns; and my miſtreſs truth, betray thee*
*For th' huffing, braggart, puſt nobility?*
*No, no, thou which ſince yeſterday haſt been,*
*Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeen,*
*O ſun, in all thy journey, vanity,*
*Such as ſwells the bladder of our court? I*
*Think he which made your * Waxen garden, and*
*Tranſported it, from* Italy, *to ſtand*
*With us at* London, *flouts our Courtiers; for*
*Juſt ſuch gay painted things, which no ſap, nor*
*Taſt have in them, ours are; and natural*
*Some of the ſtocks are, their fruits baſtard all.*
*'Tis ten a clock and paſt; all whom the mues,*
*Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the ſtews*
*Had all the morning held, now the ſecond*
*Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found*
*In the* Preſence, *and I, (God pardon me)*
*As freſh and ſweet their Apparels be, as be*
*Their fields they ſold to buy them. For a king*
*Thoſe hoſe are, cry the flatterers; and bring*
*Them next week to the theatre to ſell.*
*Wants reach all ſtates: me ſeems they do as well*

* A ſhow of the *Italian* Gardens in Waxwork, in the time of King *James* the Firſt.

Shall I, the Terror of this ſinful town,
Care, if a livery'd Lord or ſmile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and deteſt who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
O my fair miſtreſs, Truth! ſhall I quit thee,
For huffing, braggart, puft Nobility?
Thou who ſince yeſterday haſt roll'd o'er all
The buſy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Haſt thou oh ſun! beheld an emptier ſort,
Than ſuch as ſwell this bladder of a court?
Now pox on thoſe who ſhew a * *Court in wax!*
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:
Such painted puppets, ſuch a varniſh'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dreſs and face,
Such waxen noſes, ſtately ſtaring things——
No wonder ſome folks bow, and think them Kings.
See! where the *Britiſh* youth, engag'd no more
At *Fig*'s † or *White*'s, with Felons, or a Whore,
Pay their laſt duty to the court! and come
All freſh and fragrant, to the drawing-room:
In hues as gay, and odours as divine
As the fair fields they ſold to look ſo fine.
"That's velvet for a King!" the flatt'rer ſwears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King *Lear*'s,
Our court may juſtly to our ſtage give rules,
That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.
And why not players ſtrut in courtier's cloaths?
For theſe are actors too, as well as thoſe:

* A famous ſhow of the Court of *France* in Waxwork.

† *Fig*'s, a Prize-fighter's Academy, where the young Nobility receiv'd inſtruction in thoſe days; *White*'s was a noted gaming-houſe: It was alſo cuſtomary for the nobility and gentry to viſit the condemned Criminals in *Newgate*.

*At ſtage, as court; all are players. Whoe'er looks*
*(For themſelves dare not go) o'er* Cheapſide *books,*
*Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now*
*The ladies come. As pirats, which do know*
*That there came weak ſhips fraught with Cutchanel,*
*The men board them; and praiſe (as they think) well,*
*Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.*
*Why good wits ne'r wear ſcarlet gowns, I thought*
*This cauſe, Theſe men, mens wits for ſpeeches buy,*
*And women buy all reds which ſcarlets dye.*
*He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her hair net:*
*She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair looſe ſet.*
*Would not* Heraclitus *laugh to ſee* Macrine
*From hat to ſhoo, himſelf at door refine,*
*As if the Preſence were a Moſch: and lift*
*His ſkirts and hoſe, and call his clothes to ſhrift,*
*Making them confeſs not only mortal*
*Great ſtains and holes in them, but venial*
*Feathers and duſt, wherewith they fornicate:*
*And then by* Durer's *rules ſurvey the ſtate*
*Of his each limb, and with ſtrings the odds tries*
*Of his neck to his leg, and waſte to thighs.*
*So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry*
*Perfect as Circles, with ſuch nicety*
*As a young Preacher at his firſt time goes*
*To preach, he enters, and a Lady which owes*
*Him not ſo much as good will, he arreſts,*
*And unto her proteſts, proteſts, proteſts,*
*So much as at* Rome *would ſerve to have thrown*
*Ten Cardinals into the* Inquiſition;
*And whiſpers by* Jeſu *ſo oft, that a*
*Purſevant would have raviſh'd him away*

For

Wants reach all ſtates; they beg but better dreſt,
And all is ſplendid poverty at beſt.
Painted for ſight, and eſſenc'd for the ſmell,
Like frigates fraught with ſpice and cochine'l,
Sail in the Ladies: How each pyrate eyes
So weak a veſſel, and ſo rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and ſhe in all her trim,
He boarding her, ſhe ſtriking ſail to him.
"Dear Counteſs! you have charms all hearts to hit!
And "ſweet Sir *Fopling!* you have ſo much wit!
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'Twou'd burſt ev'n *Heraclitus* with the ſpleen,
To ſee thoſe anticks, *Fopling* and *Courtin*:
The Preſence ſeems, with things ſo richly odd,
The moſque of *Mahound*, or ſome queer Pa-god.
See them ſurvey their limbs by *Durer*'s rules,
Of all beau-kind the beſt proportion'd fools!
Adjuſt their cloaths, and to confeſſion draw
Thoſe venial ſins, an atom, or a ſtraw:
But oh! what terrors muſt diſtract a ſoul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;
Or ſhould one pound of powder leſs beſpread
Thoſe monkey-tails that wag behind their head!
Thus finiſh'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
So firſt to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,
With band of Lilly, and with cheek of Roſe,
Sweeter than *Sharon*, in immac'late trim,
Neatneſs itſelf impertinent in him.
Let but the Ladies ſmile, and they are bleſt;
Prodigious! how the things *proteſt*, *proteſt*:

Peace

*For saying our Ladies Psalter. But 'tis fit*
*That they each other plague, they merit it.*
*But here comes* Glorius *that will plague them both,*
*Who in the other extreme only doth*
*Call a rough careleſſneſs, good faſhion:*
*Whoſe cloak his ſpurs tear, or whom he ſpits on,*
*He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm*
*To him; he ruſhes in, as if arm, arm,*
*He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill*
*As theirs, which in old hangings whip Chriſt, ſtill*
*He ſtrives to look worſe; he keeps all in awe;*
*Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.*
*Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd ſo*
*As men from gaols to execution go,*
*Go through the great chamber (why is it hung*
*With the ſeven deadly ſins? *) being among*
*Thoſe* Askaparts †, *men big enough to throw*
Charing Croſs *for a bar, men that do know*
*No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine*
*Living; barrels of beef, flagons of wine.*
*I ſhook like a ſpied Spie —— Preachers which are*
*Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,*
*Drown the ſins of this place, for as for me*
*Which am but a ſcant brook, enough ſhall be*
*To waſh the ſtains away: Although I yet*
*(With* Maccabees *modeſty) the known merit*
*Of my work leſſen, yet ſome wiſe men ſhall,*
*I hope, eſteem my Writs Canonical.*

---

* The Room hung with old Tapeſtry, repreſenting the ſeven deadly ſins.

† A Giant famous in Romances.

Peace fools, or *Gonſon* will for *Papiſts* ſeize you
If once he catch you at your *Jeſu! Jeſu!*
Nature made ev'ry fop to plague his brother,
Juſt as one beauty mortifies another.
But here's the Captain that will plague them both,
Whoſe air cries arm! whoſe very look's an oath:
The Captain's honeſt, Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his ſoul's bullet, and his body buff.
He ſpits fore-right; his haughty cheſt before
Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door;
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As *Herod*'s hang-dogs in old Tapeſtry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curſe;
Has yet a ſtrange ambition to look worſe;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Frighted I quit the room, but leave it ſo
As men from Jayls to execution go;
For hung with * deadly ſins I ſee the wall,
And lin'd with Giants, deadlier than 'em all:
Each man an *Askapart* of ſtrength to toſs
For Quoits, both *Temple-bar* and *Charing-croſs:*
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I ſweat, I fly,
And ſhake all o'er, like a diſcover'd ſpy.
Courts are no match for wits ſo weak as mine;
Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold Divine!
From ſuch alone the Great rebukes endure,
Whoſe ſatyr's ſacred, and whoſe rage ſecure:
'Tis mine to waſh a few ſlight ſtains, but theirs
To deluge ſin, and drown a Court in tears.
Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my wit,
In time to come, may paſs for holy writ.

*FINIS.*

# EPITAPHS.

*His ſaltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani*
*Munere!* VIRG.

## I.

## *On Sir* WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

*One of the Principal Secretaries of State to King* William III. *who having reſigned his place, dyed in his Retirement at* Eaſthamſted *in* Berkſhire, 1716.

A Pleaſing Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind,
Sincere, tho' prudent, conſtant, yet reſign'd;
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profeſt,
Fix'd to one ſide, but mod'rate to the reſt:
An honeſt Courtier, yet a Patriot too,
Juſt to his Prince, and to his Country true.
Fill'd with the Senſe of Age, the Fire of Youth;
A Scorn of wrangling, yet a Zeal for truth;

A gen'rous Faith, from ſuperſtition free;
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;
Such this man was; who now from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

---

## II.

## *On* CHARLES *Earl of* DORSET,

### *In the Church of* Withyham *in* Suſſex.

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muſes Pride,
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd!
The Scourge of Pride, tho' ſanctify'd or great.
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:
Yet ſoft his Nature, tho' ſevere his Lay,
His Anger moral, and his Wiſdom gay.
Bleſt Satyriſt! who touch'd the Mean ſo true,
As ſhow'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
Bleſt Courtier! who could King and Country pleaſe,
Yet ſacred keep his Friendſhips, and his Eaſe.
Bleſt Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
Where other *Buckhurſts*, other *Dorſets* ſhine,
And Patriots ſtill, or Poets, deck the Line.

## III.

### *On the Honble* SIMON HARCOURT,

*Only Son of the Lord Chancellor* HARCOURT: *at the Church of* Stanton-Harcourt *in* Oxfordſhire, 1720.

TO this ſad Shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near.
Here lies the Friend moſt lov'd, the Son moſt dear:
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief, but when he dy'd,
How vain is Reaſon, Eloquence how weak!
If POPE muſt tell what HARCOURT cannot ſpeak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inſcribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's Sorrows, mix his own!

## IV.

### *Intended for Mr.* ROWE,

*In Weſtminſter-Abby.*

THY reliques, ROWE, to this fair ſhrine we truſt,
And ſacred, place by DRYDEN's awful duſt:

Beneath a * rude and nameleſs ſtone he lies,
To which thy tomb ſhall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle ſhade, and endleſs reſt!
Bleſt in thy Genius, in thy Love too bleſt!
One grateful woman to thy fame ſupplies
What a whole thankleſs land to his denies.

---

* The Tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this Epitaph.

*This* Sheffield *rais'd. The ſacred Duſt below*
*Was* Dryden *once: The reſt who does not know?*

Which the Author ſince chang'd into the plain Inſcription now on it, being only the Name of that great Poet,

J. DRYDEN.

*Natus Aug.* 9, 1631.
*Mortuus Maij* 1, 1701.

*Johannes Sheffield, Dux Buckinghamienſis, fecit.*

*On*

## V.

## *On Mrs.* CORBET,

*Who dyed of a Cancer in her Breaſt.*

HERE reſts a Woman, good without pretence,
Bleſt with plain Reaſon and with ſober Senſe;
No Conqueſts ſhe, but o'er herſelf deſir'd,
No Arts eſſay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Paſſion and Pride were to her ſoul unknown,
Convinc'd, that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, ſo compos'd a mind,
So firm yet ſoft, ſo ſtrong yet ſo refin'd,
Heav'n, as its pureſt Gold, by Tortures try'd;
The Saint ſuſtain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

## VI.

*On the Monument of the Honourable* ROBERT DIGBY, *and of his Siſter* MARY, *erected by their Father the Lord* DIGBY, *in the Church of* Sherborne *in* Dorſetſhire, 1727.

GO! fair Example of untainted youth,
Of modeſt wiſdom, and pacifick truth:
Juſt of thy word, in every thought ſincere,
Who knew no wiſh but what the world might hear:
Of ſofteſt manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:

Go

Go live! for Heav'n's Eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.
And thou bleſt Maid! attendant on his doom,
Penſive haſt follow'd to the ſilent tomb,
Steer'd the ſame courſe to the ſame quiet ſhore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliſs ſincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take theſe Tears, Mortality's relief,
And till we ſhare your joys, forgive our grief?
These little rites, a Stone, a Verſe, receive,
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

---

## VII.

## *On Sir* GODFREY KNELLER,

### *In Weſtminſter-Abby*, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heav'n and not a Maſter taught,
Whoſe Art was Nature, and whoſe Pictures thought;
Now for two ages having ſnatch'd from fate
Whate'er was Beauteous, or whate'er was Great,
Reſts crown'd with Princes Honours, Poets Lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirſt of Praiſe.
* Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and dying, fears herſelf may die.

---

* *Imitated from the famous Epitaph on Raphael.*
——— Raphael, timuit quo ſoſpite, vinci
Rerum magna parens, & moriente, mori.

## VIII.

## *On General* HENRY WITHERS,

*In Weſtminſter-Abby*, 1729.

HERE WITHERS reſt! thou braveſt, gentleſt mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of Human kind.
Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O ſoft Humanity, in Age belov'd!
For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the ſigh ſincere.
WITHERS adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy Martial ſpirit, or thy Social love!
Amidſt Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Still leave ſome ancient Virtues to our age:
Nor let us ſay, (thoſe *Engliſh* glories gone)
The laſt true Briton lies beneath this ſtone.

## IX.

## *On Mr.* ELIJAH FENTON,

*At* Eaſthamſted *in* Berks, 1730.

THIS modeſt Stone what few Marbles can
May truly ſay, here lies an honeſt Man.
A Poet, bleſt beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the Proud and Great.
Foe to loud Praiſe, and Friend to learned Eaſe,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly

Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

## X.

## *On Mr.* GAY,

### *In Weſtminſter-Abby*, 1732.

OF Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child;
Above Temptation, in a low Eſtate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great;
A ſafe Companion, and an eaſy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
Theſe are Thy Honors! not that here thy Buſt
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy Duſt,
But that the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms —— *Here* lies GAY.

## XI.

### *Intended for Sir* ISAAC NEWTON *in Weſtminſter-Abby.*

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS:
Quem Immortalem
Teſtantur *Tempus*, *Natura*, *Cœlum*:
Mortalem
Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:
GOD ſaid, *Let Newton be!* And all was Light.

*FINIS.*

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